

THE DUBLIN REVIEW

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CHURCH AND STATE IN ITALY

By E. E. Y. Hales

A RUSSIAN HAMLET

Doctor Zhivago. By Victor S. Frank

CHARLES DE FOUCAULD

By J. M. Robinson, W.F., and David Mathew

'MONSIGNOR OF ENGLAND'

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CAUSES OF CRIME

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CHURCH AND STATE IN ITALY UNDER THE REPUBLIC

By E. E. Y. HALES

A. The Present Tension

FEELINGS about the Church in Italy have been showing signs of becoming exacerbated this year. A Socialist painter from Sicily has seen fit to hack, with a chisel, at Raphael's picture of the 'Marriage of the Virgin', in Milan, and to hang a notice on it saying 'Long live the Italian revolution. Away with the clerical Government'. There were various incidents, often of little significance individually, in the weeks before the General Election, which took place in May.

The Bishop of Prato was obliged by a civil court to pay damages for saying that a girl in his congregation was living in 'scandalous concubinage' because she was married outside the Church. The case was much quoted at the time of the recent General Election. It has also attracted attention abroad. The girl and her Communist husband, Bellandi, received a telegram of encouragement from a society in America which read: 'Mortara 1858; Bellandi 1958.' This telegram struck an historical note which is being heard more and more frequently in controversy about the Church in Italy. For the Mortara case was a *cause célèbre* in the Papal States a hundred years ago, and by quoting it the American society was intending to imply that the Church was exercising a power in modern Italy comparable to that which she exercised in the old Papal States. The Mortaras were a Jewish family, living at Bologna, whose boy was kidnapped and brought up as a Christian because a Christian maid had taken it upon herself to baptize him, and by the law of the Papal States a baptized person must be brought up in the Faith.

The parallel between the Mortara and the Bellandi case is not very close. But it serves the purposes of societies concerned to

defend the rights of religious minorities, or of atheists, against the monstrous pretensions of Rome. Such societies are not lacking in England; but they were much more conspicuous in the nineteenth century. The crusading zeal has now crossed the Atlantic. But for ourselves and for the Americans the important question remains—is there something happening in Italy which deserves the attention of crusades?

On the face of it it would seem that the rights both of atheists and of religious minorities in Italy were as carefully safeguarded as even the late President Roosevelt, with his four freedoms, could wish. Article 8 of the Constitution of the Italian Republic expressly states that all religious confessions are equal before the law. The State is a-confessional. Moreover all the fundamental personal liberties belonging to the liberal tradition of the West—freedom of speech, of the Press, and of assembly; freedom from arrest, search or seizure—are guaranteed by articles 3, 19, and 20 of the Constitution. Provided that a religious group does not teach something specifically contrary to Italian law, such as polygamy or divorce, the law will not interfere with it unless it disturbs the peace. The visitor to Florence need feel no anxiety about the tranquillity enjoyed by the congregations assembled in the many and varied Protestant churches which he will see in the streets of that city. When incidents do occur over religion it is generally because local Catholic opinion has been offended by some form of anti-Catholic propaganda, such as the scattering of provocative pamphlets, or oratory from the soap-box. Then there is a scuffle and the police intervene. Every state exercises police powers in case of disturbance; one of the differences between Italy and England is the greater readiness of the Italian to express his feelings. Whereas in England even the hardest Hyde Park orator is hard put to it to gain a rise out of his audience, the Communist, liberal-sceptic, or Protestant, who in Italy pours scorn upon the powers or virtues of the local saint, may easily provoke a scuffle and for doing so find himself overnight in the local gaol. In the eyes of the foreign correspondent he has been imprisoned for witnessing to his faith. In the eyes of the local police he has been detained for provoking a disturbance.

The issue, then, in Italy—and there is one—is not about the need for guarantees to enable either atheists or Protestants to pursue their paths peacefully. It is about the special privileges of the Catholic Church which, in the view of her opponents, put her into a peculiar position.

What is this position?

It is based upon the Concordat of 1929, which was a treaty between Mussolini's Italy and the Vatican of Pope Pius XI and was specifically reaffirmed by the Italian Republic of 1947 and embodied in its Constitution. Church and State are kept distinct, but the State recognizes the Catholic Church as a fact, and as claiming the allegiance of 'almost all' Italian citizens. Concordats are treaties, and treaties are made between independent sovereign powers; by reaffirming the Concordat of 1929 the Constitution of 1947 recognized the Catholic Church as a sovereign power. 'The State and the Catholic Church,' it says, 'are, each in its proper sphere, sovereign and independent.' And the proper sphere of the Church is not only the regulation of the lives of her priests, secular and religious, but various aspects of the life of 'almost all Italian citizens', for instance in relation to the family, to education, or to the administration of the sacraments. In her own sphere she is sovereign; the State will not question her teaching or administration and will protect her in it. She is a 'perfect society'.

But, of course, the smooth words of the Concordat, like all the agreements of history between the spiritual and temporal powers, only serve to regulate their relations when there is a will to make them do so. It has never in history been possible to define distinctly what is spiritual and what is temporal; each side will always tend to try to gain at the expense of the other; there can never be a true arbiter. The case of the Bishop of Prato illustrates what in fact is one of the perennial difficulties in the matter. The State has no difficulty in agreeing that the regulation of the sacrament of marriage belongs, for Catholics, to the Church, and always has done so. It is therefore the concern of the Canon Law. But though Canon Law says that there is no true marriage for a Catholic outside the Church, but only 'scandalous concubinage', according to the verdict of the secular court at Florence, which tried the Bishop of Prato, it must not say publicly, naming the offender, anything so damaging or it is libel. In particular, in the case of the Bellandis, the non-Catholic husband was held to be libelled; his sausage business was falling off as a consequence. The Prosecutor at Florence took the line that the Bishop must not say that the Bellandis were living in scandalous concubinage, that was libel; he was, however, entitled to call them public sinners. But to the Church, acting in accordance with Canon Law, this standpoint is irrelevant, because both categories are defined by that

law and both are applicable to the Bellandis. It was further argued for the prosecution that, even if a priest might say these things in Church, he shouldn't put them up on the Church door. But the Concordat (Article 2) states that :

Bishops can publish freely, and even display inside and outside the doors of places of worship and offices . . . instructions, orders, pastoral letters, diocesan bulletins, and other acts affecting the spiritual government of the faithful which in their judgment should be made public within the limits of their competence.

What are the 'limits of their competence'?

According to the secular court at Florence this competence does not extend to the public naming of a particular union as concubinage. But that is only the verdict of the secular court. The claim of the Church is that the secular court is not competent to consider the case, because questions concerning marriage, where Catholics are concerned, are the province of Canon Law. About this there is no dispute, but Bellandi was claiming damages against the Bishop for libel, and libel is a matter for the secular court. We may not have heard the last of this case; it is still possible that the decision of the Florentine court may be reversed by a court of appeal. Or it may be confirmed. But it is important to notice that that court of appeal will be an Italian secular court, not a Church court. That does not necessarily mean that it is prejudiced against the Bishop. But it does mean that the last word as to what is spiritual and what is temporal, what belongs to an ecclesiastical and what belongs to a secular court, is pronounced in a secular court. When, therefore, the Constitution talks about the Church as 'sovereign in her own sphere' it has to be remembered that she has no power to insist upon respect for her own view as to what that sphere is.

But in practice the division of powers has worked passably enough in modern Italy since it was first defined in the Concordat of 1929. There was a lot of trouble in Mussolini's time over education, and especially over the rivalry between the youth organizations of the Church and those developed by the Fascists. But the distinction is likely to be maintained reasonably well so long as the Catholic religion remains that of 'almost all Italians'. So long as the Senate and the Chamber and the courts are in fact largely in the hands of Catholics, most of whom (save for the extreme anticlerical Catholics) are as interested in seeing

that the Church retains her rights as that the State retains hers, serious conflict may be avoided. If and when, however, a majority of the Parliament or a majority of the Judiciary becomes hostile to the Church a very different situation could arise. A simple parliamentary majority is all that is required to abrogate the Concordat. It is written into the Constitution, which is more difficult to revise. But it is regarded as a simple treaty between sovereign powers, and so as being capable of denunciation, after due notice, by the government of the day.

Neither the Concordat nor any other instrument of the Constitution of 1947 provides the Church with any guarantee at all that her traditional rights will be respected—still less with some supposed instrument which the Vatican can use to keep Italy in thrall. Her position depends upon whether Italy remains Catholic to the extent of being determined to preserve the Church's control over those aspects of life traditionally her own. Surprisingly, since the war, Italy has shown a robust Catholic spirit of just this kind. But anybody familiar with the history of the country over the past 150 years hardly expected it. For modern Italy, Italy as a unitary Nation State, emerged in the teeth of the Church's opposition, because those who brought her into being, and the politicians who ran the new kingdom were nearly all, from one angle or another, hostile to her claims. The very idea of a politically united Italy was born amongst the Jacobin republics, sponsored by the young Bonaparte, all violently anticlerical, which ushered the modern age into the peninsula. It was fanned into flame by Mazzini, whose *Young Italy* was offered as a religious alternative to the Church, and whose Republican Party provided the heart of the resistance to her until the Socialists took over that role; Mazzini, who seems to have been vindicated at last by the emergence in 1947 of a united *republican* Italy. Hostility to the Church motivated on the one hand the unruly iconoclasm of Garibaldi's followers, on the other the ordered suppression by Cavour of monasteries and convents, Church courts, Feast days, and processions. The making of Italy meant the destruction of the most ancient monarchy of Europe, the Papal States; and after the Pope had shut himself in the Vatican the new Kingdom of Italy, from 1870 onwards, did all in its power to secularize the country while, in reply, the Papacy refused to recognize it, endeavouring to boycott it by establishing the rule that Catholics should be 'neither electors nor elected'. And when at last the hatchet was

buried by the Lateran Treaty of 1929 it was done under conditions far from likely to appeal to today's Italians, for it was done by the Fascists. That treaty, by which the Vatican recognized Italy, and Italy recognized the Vatican, was signed by Mussolini and Cardinal Gasparri, and it carried with it the Concordat which we have been discussing. But it hardly provided that Concordat with a parentage likely to appeal to the liberal or socialist framers of the Constitution of 1947. The political conditions under which it was first framed and adopted are one of the liabilities under which it suffers today. It is, indeed, rather remarkable that the Communist and fellow-travelling members of the Constituent Assembly which drew up the Constitution of 1947 should mostly have agreed, with better or worse grace, to adopt the Concordat. But other matters were then uppermost in their mind. The monarchy, repudiated only by a small majority at the popular referendum, had to be safely buried. Para-military organizations and secret societies had to be made illegal so as to prevent a recrudescence of Fascism. Not all existing institutions could be attacked at the same time, and the great personal popularity of the Pope at the end of the war presented a difficulty. The Church could wait.

She has waited. And meanwhile, at three general elections, Italy has spoken. Instead of putting governments into power which would undermine the position of the Church, as did those of the 'eighties and 'nineties in the previous century, the voters have given majorities, or near-majorities, to the Christian Democrats. In 1948 that party achieved an absolute majority. In 1953 it just lost this, but with the assistance of the moderate Socialists it could form the heart of a coalition or, later, rule on its own, with a minority government, by the time-honoured practice of 'log-rolling'. At the 1958 elections it slightly improved its position, though without achieving an absolute majority. Meanwhile the Communist deputies, not much more than half as numerous as the Christian Democrats, have not achieved enough success to enable themselves to make a bid for power, even with the support of a large part of the Socialists. After ten years of uninterrupted rule the Christian Democrats are still the only party which, for the next five years, can expect to form the government of the country.

Not only to Italians of anticlerical tradition, who have expected to see a withering away of the power of the Church in Italy under conditions of republican freedom, but also to anybody acquainted with modern Italian affairs this has been a surprising

development. It was, after all, only as recently as the year 1919 that Italian Catholics generally were allowed by the Church to take part in national elections at all. It is true that when Benedict XV lifted the ban the Christian Democrats—Don Sturzo's *Popolare*—became, within three years, the largest party in the Chamber; but that was written off as a flash in the pan. Nineteen-twenty-two was an exceptional year of revolutionary storm and stress, and Don Sturzo was an exceptional man. Moreover, although Don Sturzo's was the largest parliamentary party in 1922 it was only one amongst a number of fair-sized parties in the Chamber; it was not a victory which prepared men's minds for the overall majority achieved by de Gasperi in 1948.

To the Italian anticlerical the success of the Christian Democrats since the war has not only been surprising but it has also been very disturbing. It has run not only counter to the interests of secularist Socialists and Liberals but counter also to their whole philosophy of life. That the Italians, freed from the corrupting influences of the monarchy and of Mussolini, should proceed, voluntarily and repeatedly, to vote for the Church, is as distressing to them as it would have been to Mazzini or to Garibaldi. Can it be, they ask, that the Italian nation, formed in a fight against the Church, is now voluntarily holding out its hands to have the shackles put back upon them? Never! They could not have done such a thing of their own free will! They must somehow have been threatened, tricked, or deluded into it.

The villain of the piece has not been hard to find. Obviously the Italian electorate—especially the women—have allowed themselves to be influenced and deluded by the parish priests, as likely as not in the confessional. It is an argument easily accepted in certain circles in Italy, as it is in England, and although it can never be proved it has the corresponding advantage of being difficult to disprove. It has been said so often that the old Papal States were ruled through the sinister influence of the confessional, by what Dr Trevelyan called a 'third sex' (men, but wearing skirts, like women), that it is easy to argue today that the whole of Italy is now being ruled in the same way. Hence has arisen an elaborate theory about the present state of affairs in Italy; Italy, we are told, is no better than a new 'Papal States', writ large; it is a Clerical State. The parish priests, it follows, are only the local agents of a higher governing directorate.

It is not very often that the Pope himself is held to be personally

responsible, perhaps because of the popularity of the present occupant of the Chair of St Peter, which extends far outside clerical circles and is an asset to Italy. But he is not immune from attack. A recent article in *Paese Sera*, by Roger Peyrefitte, was so unmeasured in its criticism of him that it was the subject of a formal protest by the Nuncio at the Quirinal. The blame, however, is generally laid at the door of 'the Vatican', or 'the Jesuits', or just 'the Hierarchy'. Priests are accused of violating the Electoral Law which precludes them from using their special position to influence voters to vote for or against any particular party or person. The bishops in particular are under attack. Perhaps they rather laid themselves open to it by publishing a statement, shortly before the recent election, in which they reminded Catholic voters that it was their duty to vote, that they should vote in conformity with their religion, and that they should be united in their vote so as to form a bulwark against the grave dangers confronting Christian life in the country. It was reasonable to suppose that this meant that Catholics were being advised to vote for the Christian Democrats; but the recommendation could hardly reasonably be regarded as a violation of the Electoral Law. Opposition leaders chose to say that it was, but the premier, Signor Zoli, was on strong ground when he replied that the bishops were only doing what the spokesmen of any other group in the State had the right to do when they urged voters to be mindful of the rights of the particular body for which they spoke. He pointed out that, if the objectors thought that the law had been violated, they were free to go to the police about it. To do them justice some of them had done just this after previous elections, but without success; and in spite of the willingness of the courts to entertain causes directed against the Church (as evidenced by the Bellandi case) there seems to be no reason to suppose that they would be more successful on the present occasion. But the argument continues, and meanwhile her opponents build up their picture of the Church as the historic obstacle to a free and democratic modern Italy.

B. The Appeal to the Risorgimento

The Italians, like the Irish, are swayed by arguments drawn from history to an extent which English people find it hard to understand. The modern educated Italian does not feel happy

about an argument until he has been satisfied that it is in line with the teaching of one of the great figures of the Risorgimento, and preferably of Mazzini, Garibaldi, or Cavour. Since, between them, these three said a good deal, such satisfaction can generally be provided. Conversely, the critics of a policy or party like to be able to show that it is betraying the principles of the Risorgimento. So it is that the Church's opponents in Italy today feel a strong compulsion to show that somehow she is violating the sacred principles for which the men of the Risorgimento fought and died. They make their appeal to the Founding Fathers, quoting Cavour on constitutional government, Mazzini on freedom, Garibaldi on the menace of clericalism. But this is a game which, up to a point, the Church too can play; she can quote Gioberti on the Primacy of the Italians, Rosmini on freedom, even the early reforms and dreams of Pius IX. These men are called the 'neo-Guelphs', and the appeal to them is intended to show that, in the heroic days, Catholic leaders, too, were patriots—as, indeed, they often were, though their plan for Italy was one which would have saved the Papal States and the position of the Church generally, and it was not the plan which found favour with the men in a position to control events.

But although each party necessarily interprets the Risorgimento differently they are agreed today on one point, namely that the Papal States were anachronistic and it was really time they were wound up—even though the Church prayed for their recovery, after Mass, until after the First World War, when she began, with some reason, to pray for Russia instead. The Papal States, fairly or unfairly (a question beyond our scope here), have come to be regarded by clerical and anticlerical alike as a peculiarly unenlightened polity, and it is therefore considered to be peculiarly insulting to the Church when, in the elections this year, the platforms of opposition speakers ring with the cry that she is reviving the idea lying behind the Papal States; that the Christian Democratic party is simply the modern instrument for exercising what used to be called the 'Temporal Power' in the Italian peninsula, as the Papal States were the traditional instrument. And the argument is developed to show that, just as the Papal States, with Austria, were the chief obstacle to a properly united Italy, so the modern Christian Democratic party prevents Italy from being a truly independent republic because it is run by 'a foreign power'—the Vatican.

This argument is not confined to places of propaganda, nor is it mere journalism. Anybody who is interested to do so may, for instance, read it set forth, in academic extension, in a bulky volume by the historian Arturo Jemolo, entitled *Chiesa e Stato in Italia negli ultimi cento anni* (Einaudi, 1952). Or, if he prefers something briefer, and in English, he may consult the article on the same subject in *History Today* for November 1951. It is an argument worthy of attention because it is the characteristic form in which serious-minded anticlericalism expresses itself in Italy today, and we are likely to hear more of it. We can, however, only assess its validity by considering again the shape of events in the last hundred years in Italy.

What really happened in the Risorgimento?

Amidst a confusion of conflicting aspirations what happened in the end was that the Italian peninsula was overrun, down as far as the ancient Kingdom of Naples, by Piedmontese troops, while the South was 'raised' by Garibaldi; but in the end it was the Piedmontese troops, the Piedmontese civil service, and their king, Victor Emmanuel of the House of Savoy, who proved to be the beneficiaries of the whole movement. The Church lost, the Republicans lost, and the Socialists lost; but those who felt most cheated were the peasants of the South, whose needs were ignored, and who proceeded to stage revolts in favour of the Bourbon king they had lost. The new kingdom—it is a cliché now of history—was precariously poised because it never answered to the realities of the country, drawing its support from a restricted circle of secularist bourgeoisie belonging to the North. And it ran counter to the centuries-old tradition of Italian political life, which was a life centring around historic cities utterly different in their traditions and outlook, cities whose names were famous the world over—Milan and Venice, Florence and Pisa, Rome, Naples, Palermo. All these, and a dozen more, famous in art, in thought, in civilization, were seen as sacrificed to Turin, least historic as it was least artistic of the great Italian cities.

By comparison with the artificial new State the Church, defeated as she had been in the field at the battle of Castelfidardo (1860), remained a deep reality in the hearts of Italians, a very much deeper reality than the State. Though Pius IX's *non-expedit* of 1868 withdrew Catholics from politics, that did not mean that they became estranged from public affairs. It meant that the new

State was boycotted by that Church whose Religious Orders it persecuted and whose property it seized; and the real loser was the State. Italian life continued to centre itself around the parish and diocese, while huge Catholic congresses were held all over the country, concerning themselves with public questions—education, social reform, the rights of trade unions, and the like. And the Socialists, likewise, weak at first in the Chamber, on account of the very restricted franchise, organized themselves in the country. When the crisis came after the First World War, and the State was *in extremis*, the two most active groups in the country were the Christian Democrats, or *Popolari*, heirs to the Catholic congresses, and the Communists, heirs to the Socialists and Syndicalists. Power seemed likely to pass to the one or to the other. Actually, however, it passed to a *tertium gaudens*, a small, well organized, ultra-nationalist splinter group broken off from the old Socialists—Mussolini's *Fasci di Combattimento*.

The leader of the *Popolari*, the Sicilian priest Don Sturzo, later blamed himself for not boldly taking office in 1922 and so preventing the Fascist *coup d'état*. But it would hardly seem that it was possible for him to do so. He was far from having a majority in the Chamber, and his pacifist principles would not have allowed him to manufacture one, as Mussolini later did. Moreover he really represented only a pacifist left wing amongst Catholics, and only enjoyed very qualified support, or more often opposition, from the hierarchy. The king was against him; the new Pope, Pius XI, was not for him. In 1923, after the Fascist victory, he resigned his leadership of Christian Democracy. Both the Communists and the Christian Democrats would now be persecuted. But the Church, though severely restricted in her sphere of influence, would at least be allowed to live; Catholics would be educated in their faith, the Sacraments would be administered, the Religious Orders would be able to pursue their vocations. This is the justification for the policy of Pius XI, this and the constant barrage of criticism which he alone in Italy was able to maintain against the moral teachings of the new regime. But for the proper amplitude of her life the Church, like the Communists, had to wait until in 1943 the Fascists, who had confiscated Italy, were discredited and overthrown, along with the monarchy behind which they had striven to hide their own and the Nazis' faces.

C. The Communist Challenge

Nineteen-forty-seven was 1922 over again—but with a difference. After the Second World War, as after the First, the realities of Italian life came into the foreground again, with the eclipse of the government. Those realities were first the Church and second the Communists. The State was conspicuous only by its absence, as in 1922 it had been by its weakness. Once more there was a vacuum in authority.

But the differences were important too. Communism had shown, in Catholic countries behind the Iron Curtain, her deep determination to undermine the Church. And Christian Democracy, as she re-emerged in Italian life, had dropped the more extreme pacifist and egalitarian purposes which had characterized Don Sturzo's party. Though very varied in outlook, and divided on such fundamental questions as the future of the monarchy, the Christian Democrats now, for the most part, stood for a unitary, democratic, and independent Italy, though one less centralized than the Piedmontese Italy of the Risorgimento, more recognisant of the differing characters of her historic regions and cities, and, of course, an Italy which allowed her traditional liberties, especially in respect of the Religious Orders, the family, and education, to the Church. All these principles were, in the event, given some recognition in the Constitution of 1947.

But since many Christian Democrats and many Communists had, at the end of the war, been united as partisans in helping the allies to drive out the Germans, and had continued as friends to rebuild the shattered villages, some hoped that a new era was dawning in which the old feud between the Church and her enemies would be buried. This 'little world of Don Camillo', however, soon became the big world in which international communism had developed a new organ, the 'Orginform', specially designed for the purpose of subverting the Church in eastern Europe. To the new offensive from Moscow Pope Pius XII replied by his decree of July 1949, in which he declared that no Catholic could belong to the Communist party, or work for it, on pain of excommunication. This decree ended, from the Catholic side, the period of fraternization in Italy; but already the Italian Communist leader Palmiro Togliatti, by identifying Italian Communism with the world Communist leadership at Moscow, had

ended collaboration, in principle, from the Communist side. It is commonly argued, both in Italy and in England, that Italian Communists are not really Communists at all, since they don't understand Marxism, are not interested in Moscow, and only want to improve their own wretched lot. The Vatican, it is claimed, should show a more imaginative understanding in handling these people. But such critics miss the point, which is that, whether they understand or not what Communism really is, by joining the Party, or working for it, they are assisting a movement whose undisguised aim is the destruction of the Church, and are helping to pave the way for a society in which both she and the whole spiritual basis of life would be eliminated. It is precisely because they do not understand the danger in which they place both themselves and Italy that it is so necessary for the Vatican to stress it. Despite the Pope's drastic action more than six million Italians voted Communist at the elections of 1953 and of 1958, which certainly means that a great many Catholics did so. It is very possible that, without the strong line taken by the Church, Italy might have passed over to the Communist camp; at all events she has the largest Communist party in the West today.

The irreconcilable antagonism shown by the Church towards Marxist Socialism, or Communism, in Italy, goes back to the days of Pius IX, who condemned it in his Syllabus of Errors of 1864. It was a major preoccupation with Leo XIII, who defined the Christian conception of a just social order in his *Rerum Novarum* (1891) and who, by the end of his reign, was becoming more interested in preserving Italians from Marxism than in maintaining, *à l'outrance*, the quarrel with the new kingdom. When Leo XIII died his successor Pius X, even more impressed by the danger of Marxism, in the first year of his pontificate lifted the ban on Catholic voting in certain areas where the Social Democratic party was strong; for the same reason Benedict XV, as we have seen, lifted it altogether in 1919. Pius XI, impressed not only by what had happened in Russia, but what was happening in Spain, and in Mexico, was ready to lend some reluctant support to the Fascist regime; and he issued an encyclical, *Quadragesimo anno*, in 1931, in which he reaffirmed Leo XIII's teaching in *Rerum Novarum*, and brought it up to date. It had become important by 1931 to consider whether there were a legitimate distinction between Communism and Socialism. In principle, said the Pope, no, because the theory of

the Socialists, like that of the Communists, rested upon a materialist conception of life and society which was incompatible with Christian belief. But, he added, in practice, yes, because Socialist programmes were often very laudable, and there was no reason at all why Italians or others should not support them. They need not lead to de-Christianization.

D. The Church in the Two Phases of Modern Italy

The Church is accustomed to being called intransigent; there are times when, if she is to preserve her spiritual liberty and fulfil her mission, she must be intransigent. In her policy towards modern Italy, she is blamed by many Italians (and Anglo-Saxons) first for opposing the Risorgimento and then for her 'undue' hostility towards the Marxists. That she fought both is undeniable. But she did not fight the Risorgimento because she was hostile to the very idea of Italy; she had, indeed, often shown her patriotism in the past, and she showed it in the early phase of the Risorgimento when Gioberti and the Pope were both thinking, as many sensible Italians were, in terms of reforms within the existing Italian States and their closer association together. She became hostile to the Risorgimento, as it developed, because she was hostile to the secularist policies of its protagonists, especially to Mazzini and Garibaldi, at Rome in 1849, and to Cavour, who closed the convents and monasteries in Piedmont, and later in the Papal States, as part of a general policy of secularization. It is perfectly true, of course, that the Roman Republic of 1849, and the subsequent seizure of the Papal States and of Rome, would have been opposed in every way possible by a milder Pope than was Pius IX. But if the seizure had not been accompanied by the secularism it is likely enough that even Pius IX would have come to terms with the new Italy after 1860. So insistent have been the British historians—even the most distinguished—that the Pope's refusal to have any dealings with the new Italy was due only to the loss of his States, that it is necessary to stress that the correspondence published not long ago by P. Pietro Pirri, s.j.,¹ shows that, even as early as the year 1860, Pius IX was considering an

¹ *Miscellanea Historiae Pontificiae*, Vol. XVII, Book II, Part I, pp. 333-4.

accommodation with Cavour, but the latter's extension of his secularist legislation to the newly overrun territories of the Papal States threw him back into obstinate opposition. The Italian historian S. F. Jacini had the matter in the right perspective when he said, as long ago as 1938, that the Pope's 'genuine affection for Italy might well have caused him to reverse his non-possumus . . . but the religious policy of Piedmont wounded him in the very core of his being, for he was before anything else a priest'.¹ Even Professor Arturo Jemolo, in his book on Church and State in Italy already quoted, recognizes the same point (pp. 134-46). The fact was that, so long as Cavour was talking about 'healing the leprosy of monachism which infects the territories remaining under the Roman domination', Pius IX had spiritual as well as political reasons for refusing to recognize the transfer of sovereignty. It is more surprising that Leo XIII, a more realistic and a more accommodating man than his predecessor, did not recognize the new kingdom; but its aggressive secularism, so far from abating, became more pronounced in the 'eighties, and it is also necessary to remember that there was very real uncertainty, both in Italy and in Europe generally, as to whether the new State was a structure which would hold together at all.

The Church then must accept the blame, if blame is the right word, for opposing Risorgimento Italy, but not necessarily for opposing *any* risorgimento of Italy. But from about 1890 onwards we enter the second phase in the life of modern Italy. In this phase the Papacy came to accept the new political structure as a fact, and even to lend it her support, because she was becoming increasingly convinced that the real danger had become Marxism, and that that danger must be fought even by allying with the new State, deplorably hostile as that State still was. In this policy the Papacy was, in fact, ahead of the more idealistically minded Christian Democrats, led by Romolo Murri, who did not want the Pope to lift his ban on their entering politics because they wanted, rather, to see the new political structure of Italy collapse, so that they might form a new kind of Italy of their own devising, a 'neo-Guelph' Italy, which would be a federation of Christian republics under the presidency of the Pope. All this was beginning to seem to Pius X, and still more to Pius XI, rather remote and unreal. By the year 1922 Pius XI wanted quite simply to save Catholic Italy from the Communists. If Mussolini was the only alternative he

¹ *La Politica Ecclesiastica Italiana da Villafranca a Porta Pia*, Bari, 1938, p. 22.

would accept Mussolini, though with an ill grace—how ill that grace became we may remind ourselves by reading his encyclical *Non Abbiamo Bisogno*, of 1931, which he had to smuggle out of Italy and publish in France.

When in 1947 Mussolini was gone, and the king had been voted out, there remained, staring each other in the face, no longer hidden behind parliamentary, monarchical, or fascist veils, the two real protagonists in Italy, the Church and Communism. And so far, under the new conditions of political freedom, the Church has won the favour of the electorate. She has won because the Christian Democrats have accepted a politically unified Italy, and a secular State; that point conceded, the Italians have preferred to support a party which will keep the Church in being, together with a number of other freedoms and institutions traditional in Italian life, and to keep out the Communists.

E. 'Concordational Theocracy'?

So far from turning the whole of Italy into some new kind of theocracy, the Papacy has in fact been responsible for steering Catholic opinion away from any such concept. The old Papal States were a theocracy. And the kind of government which the early Christian Democrats envisaged for Italy at the end of the last century was also theocratic. But Popes Pius X, Benedict XV and Pius XI would have none of that; they turned the Church in Italy away from such ideas, accepting the secular State, and only trying to ensure that it allowed the Church the necessary liberties to enable her to nourish the spiritual life of Italian Catholics.

The idea that Italy is now, in effect, a theocracy is generally linked with the idea that the Constitution of 1947 has 'canonized' the Concordat of 1929. But, as have seen, it did not, because that Concordat is revocable at will by Parliament. Moreover, what does the Italian Concordat guarantee which the general run of Concordats with Catholic countries do not guarantee? We find the usual provisions: the right to provide Catholic religious instruction in the school, normally for only a period a week, from which those who wish can withdraw their children—a rather English kind of arrangement, this! The right to run private Catholic schools, without public support; we are more generous about this in England. The right to insist upon the sacramental character of

marriage, leading to the prevention of the legal recognition of divorce, and leading to State recognition of the Church ceremony, for Catholics. The traditional independence of the Religious Orders, and of the seminaries. And so on. There is nothing exceptional in all this.

We are told that the Vatican stands in a special relation to Italy both geographically, and because her personnel is so largely Italian. But this gives her no temporal power. The Pope is Bishop of Rome, and Primate of Italy; he is naturally very interested in his diocese and in his primatial position, but they confer upon him no temporal powers. The suggestion that the Christian Democratic party takes its orders from him is laughable to anybody acquainted with that party's democratic and amorphous character. Certainly Alcide de Gasperi, the great statesman who has imprinted his personality more strongly than anybody else upon the modern party, stood in no such relation to the Vatican, and was at pains to ensure the total independence of Christian Democracy from priestly control. Catholic Action, which *is* under episcopal control, stands very much closer to the Vatican than does the Christian Democratic party; but Catholic Action is not a political party. It is a voluntary association for fostering the Christian life amongst Catholics, and for bringing Christian principles to bear upon public affairs.

There is, in short, no shadow of a machine which could be said to serve the purposes of a new Temporal Power. Neither the Christian Democratic party nor the Concordat create a situation which bears any analogy at all with the theocracy of the Papal States. To those who claim that they do one can only reply that, in that case, we must reconsider very seriously all that the historians have told us about the Temporal Power in the days of Popes Gregory XVI and Pius IX.

A RUSSIAN HAMLET

Boris Pasternak's Novel

By VICTOR S. FRANK

C'est en plein l'époque où le triomphe du matérialisme avait supprimé la matière dans le monde. Rien à manger, rien pour s'habiller. Rien de tangible alentour, rien que des idées.

(B. L. Pasternak, *Essai d'autobiographie*)

I

FROM whatever angle one looks at the great Russian poet's first full-length novel,¹ it remains oddly fascinating. Seen against the background of contemporary Russian fiction—in fact, against that of Soviet art in general—it is a miracle of non-conformity and aloofness. Not that it ignores Russian reality. How could it? It is after all an historical novel, within a definite chronological framework, covering the crucial decades of Russia's twentieth century: the ominous rumblings of the coming storm in the first years of the century, World War I, the revolution, the Civil War, the NEP period of the 'twenties, an epilogue in 1943 and a final scene in the post-war period. It is firmly anchored in time and space. Not that it is anti-Soviet in the vulgar, political sense. It is Russian to the roots. One of its heroes, a Red Army military leader in the Civil War, is drawn with great sympathy and understanding. There is not a trace of nostalgia for the old regime.

No, what makes the novel look as odd as an Aztec temple in a row of glum tenement blocks is its supreme indifference to all the official taboos and injunctions of modern Soviet literature. It is written as if the Communist Party's line on art did not exist. It is written by a man who has preserved and deepened his freedom—freedom from all external restraints and all internal inhibitions.

¹ *Doctor Zhivago*. By Boris Pasternak. Translated from the Russian by Max Hayward and Manya Harari. Collins and the Harvill Press. 215.

Le docteur Jivago, Paris, Librairie Gallimard. Quotations from *Doctor Zhivago* in this article are not taken from the English translation, because it was necessary for this article to be completed before the English edition was ready.

'Well,' an English reader may object, 'all this may be of great importance to an historian or a sociologist. But a literary work has to be judged by literary criteria. How does Pasternak fit into the tradition of modern fiction? How does his work compare, for instance, with such foreign authors as Thomas Mann, Hermann Hesse, Proust or Kafka? Or, for that matter, with the work of D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, Virginia Woolf or Graham Greene?'

What is the answer? First, that an a-political novel is impossible in Russia. But it might also be said that the novel would have gained if it had been substantially cut; that there are far too many secondary personages cluttering up the pages and confusing the reader; that there are frequent unnecessary intrusions by the author into the flow of the narrative; that the abrupt changes of pace (from a lyrical monologue to a dry chronicle-like account and again to a piece of folklore) break up the stylistic unity of the novel. It might be said in short that the author, a poet born and bred, is not really at home in prose; that the novel-writer's craft is new to him.

In his *Notes on Translations of Shakespeare's Tragedies*¹ Pasternak has this to say on Shakespeare:

The use of metaphors is a natural result of the tension between the brevity of man's life and the immensity of the tasks set by him in advance. Owing to this incongruity, he must look at things with an eagle-like intensity and express himself in sudden and easily intelligible flashes. That is poetry. The use of metaphors is the short-hand of a great personality, the stenography of its spirit. . . . Verse was the quickest and the most direct form of Shakespeare's self-expression. He used it to jot down his ideas in a hurry.

All this is true of Pasternak himself, whose real home remains poetry. It would also be true to say that, measured against the best works of modern Western fiction, *Doctor Zhivago* is oddly old-fashioned.² Partly this is due simply to the intellectual isolation of all Soviet writers, even of such a European as Pasternak. The Joyce-Woolf tradition has by-passed Russian literature. So has the post-war Kafka vogue. In *Doctor Zhivago* the plot moves along firmly laid chronological rails, and the author organizes the sprawling chaos of his historical and geographical background in

¹ In the almanack *Literaturnaya Moskva*, Moscow, 1956.

² It is also strangely and movingly courteous. The author treats his heroes with tender respect and refers to them mostly in that polite form of address (Christian name plus patronymic) which the Russians use in formal conversation. All plebeian hail-fellow-well-met attitudes are alien to Pasternak's civilized spirit.

a manner reminiscent sometimes of eighteenth century picaresque writing, say, of Le Sage. The device of double narration is frequently used.

And yet, with all these technical shortcomings, it is a truly great and a truly modern piece of art. Why? Because its concern is not with matters of the flesh, but with those of the spirit. 'It is not against flesh and blood' that Pasternak has entered the lists, 'but against princedoms and powers, against those who have mastery of the world in these dark days, against malign influences in an order higher than ours.'

Consider this, for instance: all Russian historical fiction, good or bad, is held captive by Tolstoy, that 'great prophet of the flesh' as the Russian critic Merezhkovsky called him. In *War and Peace* every single personage—and there are hundreds of them—can be seen, heard and 'smelled' by the reader. Now Pasternak is completely free from that overpowering influence. Of Yury Zhivago's wife Tonya, who is present throughout most of the novel, we do not even know whether she is dark or fair. Of Zhivago himself we learn only that he has a *retroussé* nose and high cheek-bones; of Lara, his great love, that she has dark hair and white arms.

But this aridity is not due to the artist's indifference or myopia. In my first article, in THE DUBLIN REVIEW for the Spring quarter of this year, I tried to show that Pasternak's poetic vision is quite unique in its intensity. No, the real reason is that he looks at matter from within, not from without; that his observation point is the human soul.

That is not to say, however, that Pasternak's heroes are abstract personifications of ideas. Far from it. *Doctor Zhivago* is a realistic Soviet novel in the sense, for instance, that it reflects the tremendous importance which the simplest material things, such as fuel, shelter and food, acquire in an upset society. But it is a paradoxical importance. In his autobiography¹ Pasternak, speaking of the early 'thirties, says:

This was an epoch when the triumph of materialism had suppressed all matter in the world: Nothing to eat, nothing to wear. Nothing tangible around—nothing but ideas.

The society in which the hero of the novel moves and battles is the opposite of an acquisitive society. What is important is not

¹ Published so far only in French: B. L. Pasternak, *Essai d'autobiographie*, Paris, Librairie Gallimard, 1958, p. 125.

the presence of things, but their absence. People do not live to buy. They sell to live. 'The history of property is finished in Russia', says somebody in the novel, and Pasternak himself said to the German correspondent Gerd Ruge:

The [modern] Russian has a different attitude to possessions and to property. He feels a guest in this life.¹

Only nature is immune to that destructive influence of ideas. And nature is always present in the novel as a *continuo* against the background of which men fight to corrupt other souls or to save their own.

II

The plot of the novel is comparatively simple, despite the numbers of people involved in it. It is the life story of a man, roughly a contemporary of the poet himself (Pasternak was born in 1890, and his hero, Yury Andreyevich Zhivago, in 1891). He is left an orphan at an early age: the novel opens with the funeral of the boy's mother on a bleak October day in 1901. After the funeral the boy wakes up in the middle of the night and sees a snow-storm raging outside. The *motif* of the loss runs through the whole life of Zhivago. And snow is its constant physical concomitant.

Yury Zhivago grows up in a civilized Moscow family, the Gromekos. He graduates as a doctor of medicine and marries Tonya Gromeko. The war puts an end to all normal life. He serves at the front and meets there for the first time Lara (Larissa) Antipova, the wife of a school-teacher, an ambitious and unhappy man, who has volunteered for the front-line and is reported missing, believed dead. The revolution breaks out, the front collapses in chaos, and in the autumn of 1917 Zhivago returns to the hungry and cold Moscow. Next spring the Zhivagos travel across Russia to the Urals where Tonya's mother came from, and where they hope to survive the worst. Here, in the industrial town of Yuryatin,² Zhivago meets Lara again, and an intense love affair develops between them. It turns out that Lara's husband is alive,

¹ *Die Welt*, 16 January 1958.

² A fictitious name, but presumably the town referred to is Sverdlovsk (former Yekaterinburg) where the Czar and his family were butchered in 1918.

that he has become a leader of the Red forces in the district, but that, absorbed in the war, he never once tried to contact his wife and daughter.

In the spring of 1919 Dr Zhivago is kidnapped by a detachment of Red partisans and compelled to serve with them as a medical officer. He loses all touch both with his family and with Lara. When, two years later, in 1921, he succeeds in escaping and in reaching Yuryatin, he discovers that his family have returned to Moscow and, after being expelled from Russia, have gone abroad: the *motif* of the loss recurs with a redoubled force, and finally Zhivago loses also the woman he loves: he sacrifices his happiness to her safety, and withdraws when Lara is taken to the Far East by the evil spirit of the novel, the corrupt and lecherous lawyer Komarovskiy. Shortly afterwards, Lara's husband, the Red leader Antipov, now a hunted man, meets Zhivago: they spend a night together, drinking, discussing the revolution, talking of the woman they both love and they both have lost. Antipov, who sees his whole world collapse around him, commits suicide, while Zhivago returns to Moscow, where he refuses to take any active part in the new world surrounding him. He has lost everything, he becomes something of a tramp, but continues to think and to write; when, in 1929, he dies of heart-failure, it turns out that this despised pauper has been a spiritual force in the hectic, unhappy Russia of the NEP period.

Lara returns to Moscow by chance on the day of Zhivago's funeral, only to be arrested shortly afterwards and to perish in a camp.

The novel ends 'five to ten years' after World War II. Two of Zhivago's faithful friends sit in their flat in Moscow looking through his poems (forming an appendix to the book). Although, as the author says,

the enlightenment and freedom which people expected after the War had not come together with victory, nevertheless the harbinger of freedom haunted the air during the post-war years, constituting their only historical sense.

The two friends think on this peaceful evening as they sit and look over Moscow that

this freedom of the spirit had now come, and that on this very evening the future had taken residence in the streets below them,

that they themselves had entered into this future and were henceforth part of it. They felt confident for this holy town, for the whole world . . . and they were filled with the silent music of happiness. And the book in their hands seemed to know all this and to give support and confirmation to what they felt.¹

III

Where does this serene confidence come from? Pasternak wrote his novel in the last years of Stalin's rule. The abominable post-war purges were still fresh in people's minds, and late in 1952 the half-crazed dictator was busily manufacturing a nation-wide *pogrom* (the notorious anti-Jewish 'Doctors' plot').

Pasternak himself says:

The writing of the novel came easily to me. The circumstances were so clear-cut, so fabulously horrible. All that was needed was to tune in one's soul to their prompting and to follow meekly their guidance. The epoch contributed the main thing, the thing that is most difficult, if there is a freedom of choice: a clear delimitation of contents.

So, once again, where did he go to get hope and confidence? There is a great peace pervading the novel, despite the chaos, the misery, the destruction, the privations it describes.

The answer can best be put in Francis Thompson's words:

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Pasternak himself expresses this thought in one of the poems attached to the novel (*The Earth*):

So that the *secret stream of suffering*
May warm the cold of life.

Altogether, it is the poems which provide the clue to the novel's philosophy. They are (to use Pasternak's own words of Shakespeare) 'the short-hand of a great personality, the stenography of its spirit'.

¹ I owe this quotation to Max Hayward's article in *Soviet Survey*, London, April-June, 1958.

'The secret stream of suffering warms the cold of life,' writes Pasternak. But suffering in itself, unless made use of by man, is neutral. 'Suffering,' says Meister Eckhart, 'is the fastest horse to take you to Heaven.' But again, a horse is useless unless one knows how to ride. How does one ride it?

The first poem of the cycle attached to *Doctor Zhivago* (there are altogether twenty-five poems) is entitled *Hamlet*. It is written in the first person singular. Hamlet, or rather the actor about to perform Hamlet's part, is waiting in the wings for his cue: 'The darkness of night watches me through a thousand opera-glasses: if it be possible, Abbah, Father, let this cup pass me. . . . But the plot is thought out, and the end of the road is unavoidable. I am alone. Everything is drowned in pharisaic hypocrisy. To live one's life is not all that easy. . . .'

Now why Hamlet? And why this allusion to Christ? In his *Notes on Translations of Shakespeare's Tragedies* (referred to above), Pasternak has this to say on *Hamlet*:

According to a long-standing conviction of the critics, *Hamlet* is a tragedy of the will. This is a correct definition. But how are we to understand it? Lack of will was an unknown concept in Shakespeare's times. People just were not interested in that subject. The image of Hamlet drawn by Shakespeare in such detail is self-evident and does not connect with a lack of nerve. . . . On the contrary, the spectator is invited to admire the greatness of Hamlet's sacrifice: possessed of such prospects for the future, he gives up his advantages for the sake of a higher aim.

And Pasternak goes on:

From the moment of the ghost's appearance, Hamlet gives up his own ambitions to 'do the will of the one that sent him'. Hamlet is not a drama of a lack of will, but a drama of duty and self-abnegation. It is a drama of a lofty destiny, of an assigned duty, of an entrusted appointment.

Whether Pasternak is right or wrong in his interpretation of *Hamlet* may be left to Shakespeare experts to decide. But as far as his own, the Soviet Hamlet, Doctor Zhivago, is concerned, that is how his creator sees him: not as a man who, owing to circumstances, bad luck and lack of fibre, loses everything: his wife, his child, the other woman he loves, his professional prospects and who goes to seed, but as a hero sacrificing everything he has and loves for the sake of a higher duty.

Again and again, both in the text and in the poems attached to it, we come across the idea that a spiritual victory comes to a man only by way of self-sacrifice, by way of 'giving himself' to others, by way of 'dissolving oneself' in them. Two ways are open to man, Pasternak seems to be saying: one is an attempt to mould and shape life by applying to it the power of an abstract idea ('the spell of a dead letter'), a forcible 'take' and 'break'. That is the way Antipov (Lara's husband), the revolutionary leader, chooses. It leads to the deformation of life, the annihilation of matter, the destruction of human beings and finally to self-annihilation.

The other way, chosen by Zhivago, is a humble submission to the mystery of life, a loving absorption of nature and of human relationships, a generous and manly 'give'. This is the way of salvation.

In a conversation with a revolutionary fanatic Zhivago says:

When I hear people talking of reshaping life it makes me lose all self-control and I fall into despair. People who can say that never understood the least thing about life. . . . They look on it as on a lump of raw material which has to be processed by them and ennobled by their touch. But life is never just a substance, a material to be moulded. Life is the principle of self-renewal—it is constantly renewing and remaking and changing and transfiguring itself.

Is Pasternak then a Christian? Certainly not in a technical, clerical sense of the word. But the novel shows that he is, first, deeply and passionately aware of the primacy of spirit over matter; and, secondly, that to him human history does not make sense outside Christ. We come across this passage:

One may be an atheist, not knowing whether God exists or why, and yet at the same time one may know that man lives not in nature, but in history, and that history, as we now conceive of it, was begun by Christ and has its basis in the Gospels. And what is history? It is centuries of work on the systematic solution of the mystery of death and its future conquest. It is for this that people discover mathematical infinity and electro-magnetic waves . . . and write symphonies. . . . To make discoveries like this one must be spiritually equipped, and the foundations of this equipment are to be found in the Gospels. What are they? First of all: *love for one's neighbour*—that higher form of living energy which fills the heart of man and must be released and expended. And then the chief components of modern man without which he is unthinkable, namely *the idea of free personality and the idea of life as a sacrifice*.

Zhivago fulfils these three injunctions: he loves his neighbours, he preserves his freedom, and he sacrifices his life for the sake of a higher duty—in his case, the creative duty of a thinker and poet, and the social duty of preserving his intellectual integrity.

Pasternak said repeatedly to his foreign visitors that he 'was grateful to his epoch and his land: for his work and his powers had been moulded by this epoch and by this land'. And it is true to say that only a man who was made to go through hell on earth and emerged victorious had the right to inject so much peace and inner joy into a novel describing this hell.

CHARLES DE FOUCAULD AND THE WHITE FATHERS

By J. M. ROBINSON, W.F.

Charles de Foucauld, whose centenary fell on 15 September, is known both for his extraordinary life of prayer and penance in the Sahara and for religious Congregations which have come into being since his death to carry on the same kind of apostolate as his: to live among the poor who are outside the Church as poorly as they do, but in as Christlike a manner as possible, to gain them to Christ. Père de Foucauld was not a White Father, but he lived with the White Fathers in the Sahara after settling there with their help. The Little Brothers of Jesus, the first of the Congregations to follow in his footsteps, came into being and made their first foundations in the Sahara with the help of the White Fathers. In the following pages are traced the relations of Charles de Foucauld and his spiritual children with the White Fathers.

I: First Contacts with the White Fathers

IN AUGUST 1901, Mgr Charles Guérin, a young man not yet thirty, had only been Prefect Apostolic of the Sahara (or, more properly speaking, of Ghardaia, from the name of the chief mission of the Sahara) for a few days when he had to take a very

serious decision. Two letters,¹ dated 15 July 1901, had been addressed to Mgr Bazin, his predecessor, the one from a certain Père Charles de Foucauld, the other a letter of recommendation from Dom Martin, Abbot of the Trappist Monastery of our Lady of the Snow. Père de Foucauld asked to settle as a hermit in the Sahara near the Moroccan frontier. An unusual idea. Probably the Monsignor thought it eccentric. But the Abbot's letter recommended the prospective hermit as a very holy man: 'I have never in my life seen a man realizing to this high degree the ideal of sanctity. I have never met except in books such prodigious penance, humility and love of God.' Abbots do not recommend eccentrics. Mgr Guérin was perplexed. He knew all the difficulty and danger of even exhibiting Christianity to the Mohammedans of the Desert. Schools and dispensaries were about all that was possible. In 1872 the White Fathers had taken over mission work in the Sahara from the Jesuit Fathers, who themselves, in 1868, had founded at Laghouat the first post in the Sahara; three White Fathers had been lost in 1876, and three others in 1881, murdered by fanatical tribes of the interior, notably the Touaregs. Père de Foucauld wanted to settle near the Moroccan frontier. The nearest White Fathers' post would be El Golea, the mission deepest in the Sahara, and itself at least a thousand kilometres from the frontier.

Had Mgr Guérin known something of the previous life of Père de Foucauld he would have been even more perplexed and tempted to doubt the prudence of the plan. De Foucauld was born of pious, wealthy and aristocratic parents at Strasbourg on 15 September 1858, but lost them both in 1864. He grew up at Nancy, lazy, self-indulgent and self-willed, in the care of an over-indulgent grandfather. A pupil at the Lycée National at Nancy, he made his first Holy Communion at the age of twelve, and then stopped practising his religion. At the military schools of Saint-Cyr and Saumur, his chief characteristics seemed to be laziness and indiscipline, though, to do him justice, he showed a great generosity and kindness towards others which made him very popular. He preferred to throw in his commission as a second lieutenant with the 4th Hussars in North Africa, rather than conduct himself as befitted an officer, but, again to do him justice, in 1881 he rejoined his regiment, when his comrades were in danger

¹ The author is indebted to Fr Coudray, Vice-Postulator of the Cause of Charles de Foucauld, for the loan of copies of original letters.

in a campaign in the Sahara, and won the admiration of all by his devotion to his men. Then he spent a year exploring Morocco disguised as a Jew, taking his life in his hands every day he moved about among the fanatical Moslem population. Back in Paris, he had made headline news, and his notes on the physical features of Morocco were a godsend to the military authorities. General Lyautey was to use them in his Moroccan campaign of 1912. In 1886 came a sudden conversion, followed by a pilgrimage to Palestine and entrance at the Trappist Monastery of our Lady of the Snow in France. He was transferred to the Trappist Monastery of Akbès, in Syria, after six months, and was professed there. Followed another change of life. In 1897 Charles was dispensed from his vows and was accepted by the Poor Clares at Nazareth as their handyman. He lived in their garden most austere and spent long hours in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. Finally, he returned to the Monastery of our Lady of the Snow, and was ordained to the priesthood on 9 June 1901. 'And now he wants to be a hermit in the Sahara,' would have been the reflexion of Mgr Guérin, had he known these details of a life remarkable for its instability.

But how to reconcile this suspicion of eccentricity with the recommendation of the Abbot? Fortunately there was a wise and holy Bishop at Maison Carrée, near Algiers, then the headquarters of the White Fathers. This was Bishop Livinhac, Superior General of the White Fathers; and the upshot of a conversation between the two prelates was that Mgr Guérin wrote on 27 August to Abbé Huvelin, whom Père de Foucauld had named as his spiritual director, asking for further information about him. Mgr Guérin's letter is full of the perplexity in his soul: fear of acting imprudently, together with anxiety not to obstruct the designs of Providence:

I have received from the Monastery of our Lady of the Snow a request from Père de Foucauld to go and live in the Touat region, in the neighbourhood of Morocco, to live there as a hermit a life of prayer, penance and work. . . . Do you think that this project, which humanly speaking is so extraordinary, comes from the spirit of God? . . . Does prudence approve of it? . . . Obviously Père de Foucauld would travel at his own risk. . . . It seems it would be to hand oneself over to death. . . . Does prudence allow of it? I do not want to stand in the way of Providence, and I should be very grateful if you would tell me quite frankly what you think of this matter. . . . This extraordinary vocation, is it from God? It may contain

within itself the merciful designs of God with regard to the evangelization of the Sahara. . . . But on the other hand, in these projects might there not be much that is purely natural and human? . . . May not imagination and eccentricity be leading astray one who is on the whole in excellent dispositions?

But in the meantime, on 22 August, Père de Foucauld had written again to Mgr Bazin, not knowing that the Sahara had shortly before been separated from the Sudan as an ecclesiastical territory, and given its own Prefect Apostolic. In his letter, Charles asked for two things: firstly, permission to settle between Ain-Sefra and the Touat (meaning somewhere near the lower frontiers of Morocco) in one of the French garrisons, and to have an oratory there with the Blessed Sacrament reserved for the sick; secondly, to have companions with him, either priests or lay people, and to carry on with them the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament exposed. Charles gave two motives for his request: the spiritual needs of the soldiers, particularly in their last moments, and especially the sanctification of the infidel population by the presence among them of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. He said he would live in prayer and poverty, working and doing good, but not preaching, remaining in silence and not going out except to administer the Sacraments. Finally he promised not to be a burden to anyone.

Then followed letter after letter recommending Père de Foucauld in the strongest terms. From the Abbé Huvelin, on 25 August, to Mgr Bazin:

When you have seen him you will consider my recommendation useless, as he is his own recommendation . . . heroic devotedness . . . limitless endurance . . . the vocation to act on the Moslem world . . . obedience in his zeal and enthusiasm.

From the Abbé Huvelin, on 1 September, to Bishop Livinhac:

His vocation has always drawn him towards the Moslem world. . . . His stay in Algeria, his travels in Morocco, his years in Palestine have prepared and hardened him for this mission. I have seen it coming. . . . Let him come and see for yourself.

From the Bishop of Viviers, on 5 September, to Mgr Livinhac:

I should be most obliged if you would receive him with great kindness.

From the Abbot of the Trappist Monastery of Staouëli in Algeria, where Charles had stayed for some months before ordination, to Mgr Guérin:

He has an insatiable desire to devote himself to the work of the salvation of the infidels . . . you can with all safety receive him into your Apostolic Prefecture.

With such favourable testimonies before them, Bishop Livinhac and Mgr Guérin decided that Père de Foucauld must be allowed to enter where the spirit of God seemed to be directing him, and told him he would be welcome. Early in September, Mgr Guérin received Charles on the quay at Algiers and brought him to Maison Carrée, where Bishop Livinhac awaited him and told him that his request was granted. From the first, impressions on both sides were excellent. Mgr Guérin wrote of Charles:

I have only known Charles de Foucauld since the beginning of September, but that time has been enough for me to esteem him as he deserves and to see in him a man of admirable virtue.

From the Trappist Monastery at Staouëli, whither Charles went to spend a few days, he wrote to Bishop Livinhac, 26 September:

It is not only to you, My Lord, but to all the White Fathers I have seen at Maison-Carrée, that I am most grateful for their welcome and their advice and their kindness, of which I am so unworthy.

II: Charles de Foucauld Settles in the Sahara

A certain Commander Lacroix, a friend of Charles since his army days, easily obtained for him from the Governor of Algeria permission to settle at Beni-Abbès, an oasis of 6000 palm-trees, a few hundred kilometres from the Moroccan frontier and about seven hundred from the mission of El Golea. A French garrison was stationed there. He said Mass there for the first time on 29 October. Helped by the soldiers and local natives, Charles built his hermitage: a chapel with walls of palm-trunks and roofed

with palm branches, three small huts of which one was for him and two were in reserve for the future followers for whom he hoped, a large hut to accommodate visitors, and another for receiving the people who came to see him. These were many: sick coming for attention, beggars coming for alms, slaves needing consolation, soldiers of whom some came for instruction, and crowds of children. There were about a hundred visitors a day. Père de Foucauld received them all with the greatest kindness, and soon came to be known as the Universal Brother. Privately, the hermit gave himself to prayer and penance. He spent long hours in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament day and night. His food was of the scantiest: a few figs or dates for breakfast, barley bread dipped in tea made from a desert plant for lunch and supper. He dressed in a loose white cassock cinctured with a leather belt from which hung a rosary. On his breast he wore a heart of red cloth surmounted by a cross. He called himself Brother Charles of Jesus.

The ideal of Charles de Foucauld was, while giving spiritual succour to the French soldiers of the garrison and drawing down God's blessing on the local population by maintaining the Blessed Sacrament among them, to reproduce as closely as possible under the eyes of the local infidel population the life of prayer and work of our Lord at Nazareth, and all the Christian virtues, and thus to try to draw them towards Christianity. This is clear from the rules, already drawn up by him before he came to Beni-Abbès, of the Congregation of the Little Brothers of the Sacred Heart, as he himself called them. He was not destined to see any companions join him permanently, but his Congregation came into being after his death. A White Father called Père Richard thought seriously of joining him, but this came to nothing. Also, in December 1906, a young Breton called Michel set out from Maison-Carrée with Père de Foucauld, intending to live with him at Tamanrasset, but fell ill on the way and had to give up.

Thus Père de Foucauld became one of the clergy of the Prefecture Apostolic of Chardaia. His ecclesiastical superior was Mgr Guérin, the Prefect Apostolic, and his fellow priests and labourers in the Sahara were the White Fathers scattered through the missions, which numbered six in all. His neighbours were at El Golea, and they were good neighbours, as they saw that his provisions—even Charles de Foucauld needed some—reached

him. Contact with Mgr Livinhac and Mgr Guérin was frequent enough by letter, but, because of the distance and the difficulty of travelling, personal contacts were not so frequent.

Though living a kind of life very different from that of the other clergy, Père de Foucauld was not a free-lance missionary, and he always showed himself obedient to directives coming from the Prefect Apostolic. On one occasion Mgr Guérin had to remonstrate with him very seriously. On a visit in May 1903, he found he was baptizing too easily, slaves ransomed by him for example. It was absolutely against the principles given to the White Fathers by Cardinal Lavigerie and afterwards justified by experience, regarding the baptism of Mohammedans as long as they remained in their Moslem surroundings or family. The Cardinal had directed that such were not to be baptized, as their perseverance was most unlikely. They were to wait till their death. To do otherwise was practically to multiply apostates who would be the greatest obstacle to mass conversions when the time was ripe for them, the prejudices of the Mohammedan population against Christianity having been broken down. Humbly Charles accepted the remonstrances of Mgr Guérin, twelve years his junior, and thenceforth he was faithful to the general directives in the matter laid down and observed in the Prefecture. Another point on which Charles accepted the advice of Mgr Guérin was in his treatment of the wealthy and influential. These were not to be neglected for the poor, because the conversion of the highly placed facilitates the conversion of the lowly. Later, in a letter to Père Voillard, First Assistant of Bishop Livinhac, dated 30 October 1905, Mgr Guérin spoke of Père de Foucauld's admirable obedience, saying that he was ready to go anywhere he was sent.

Mgr Guérin made special efforts to help Père de Foucauld in the isolation in which he lived. In particular, in August 1903, he wrote to Rome to get permission for the hermit to say Mass without a server, as he sometimes found himself in difficulties, especially when travelling. The permission was long in coming, and finally was obtained direct from the Holy Father, Pope Pius X, by Père Burtin, Procurator General of the White Fathers, in a private audience in 1907. Occasionally, also, Mgr Guérin made Père de Foucauld advances of money, of which much went to ransom slaves.

III: Charles de Foucauld among the Touaregs: his Death

Charles de Foucauld took a great interest in the progress of mission work by the White Fathers, and wanted to see their missions multiply. In January 1904 Laperrine, an old friend of his army days, turned up at Beni-Abbès. He had been appointed Commandant of the oases of the Sahara and was on a tour of his command. He invited Charles to go with him, and the hermit obtained permission for this from Mgr Guérin and the military authorities. Charles's idea was to explore the Central Sahara, the country of the Touaregs, the Hoggar, as it is called, and note places where missions might be established. So, till towards the end of the year, sometimes with Laperrine, sometimes alone, Père de Foucauld travelled about among the Touaregs, making friends with them. He made such great efforts to learn their language, Tamashek, that when at the end of the tour he met Mgr Guérin at Ghardaia to make his report, he was able to hand over translations of the four Gospels into that language. He made his retreat at Ghardaia and then returned to Beni-Abbès in January 1905.

During this stay at Ghardaia, and from a letter from Mgr Livinhac of November 1904, Charles de Foucauld understood that there was little hope in the near future of the establishment of missions among the Touaregs. He pitied the Touaregs in their isolation from any mission, and when he received another invitation from Laperrine, in April 1905, to accompany Captain Dinaux, in charge of the Hoggar District, on a tour among the Touaregs, he was much disturbed. He did not know whether to stay at Beni-Abbès, living his hermit's life and hoping that others might join him and that he might be able to begin his Congregation of Little Brothers, or whether to build another hermitage among the Touaregs and to spend part of his time with them. Finally, he consulted Mgr Guérin and the Abbé Huvelin, both in France at the time, and received a joint telegram from them saying that they were rather in favour of his accepting the invitation. So Charles left Beni-Abbès and met Captain Dinaux in the Hoggar. With him and four French civilians on exploratory work, he travelled

about the Central Sahara till August, when they reached Tamanrasset. It was a most arid place, and sixty days' journey from any mission. Père de Foucauld decided to build a hermitage there. It consisted of a hut twelve yards by three, the end of which was screened for an altar where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved. At Tamanrasset, Charles began to live the same life as at Beni-Abbès, a life as Christ-like as possible, and with the same happy results, for soon he had gained the affection of the people. Always with the intentions of helping the White Fathers in their work, he spent much time studying Tamashek, and composed a dictionary of that language.

Letters continued to pass between Père de Foucauld and Bishop Livinhac and Mgr Guérin. In a letter of 26 October 1905 we read:

It is full of a lively and very deep gratitude towards God, towards you, and towards the dear and holy Prefect Apostolic that I live here among the Touaregs. . . . I did not think of that when I asked Mgr Guérin for permission to settle in the Sahara; God did it, and He did it through you and the Prefect who gave me the necessary permission, powers and means, and who have so overwhelmed me with encouragement and kindness. . . .

Incidentally, Père de Foucauld here expresses the essential relationship between the White Fathers and himself; they were instruments used by God to help Charles to follow the special vocation that God had given him. If they have any merit in the matter, it is that they were docile instruments.

In 1910 Charles suffered a double loss of friendship and support. First Mgr Guérin died, on 19 March 1910, at Ghardaia. Père de Foucauld was visiting a camp of Touaregs near Tamanrasset when he got the news, and wrote to Bishop Livinhac expressing his sorrow:

United as I have been during these nine years in heart and prayer to the White Fathers, overwhelmed during these nine years with kindnesses by the White Fathers and especially by the so good, so tender father that was to me Mgr Guérin, how much am I united to you today in the sorrow and loneliness of his loss. . . . I bless God for having given such a holy soul to the Sahara as its first Prefect Apostolic.

A little later in the same year the Abbé Huvelin died. He had guided Charles spiritually since the confession he made to him in

October 1886 in the church of St Augustine in Paris. Père de Foucauld now asked Père Voillard, First Assistant of Bishop Livinhac and resident at Maison-Carrée, to be his spiritual director. Charles had first met Père Voillard when he first visited Maison-Carrée, in September 1901, and had been struck by his kindness, for in his letter of thanks from the Monastery of Staouëli, written shortly afterwards, he mentioned Père Voillard by name. Père de Foucauld's new director was one of the most eminent priests the White Fathers have had in their ranks. Waldeck-Rousseau, the well-known French diplomat, with whom he had dealings at the time of the persecution of the religious Orders in France early this century, said of him to Bishop Livinhac, 'My Lord, I can assure you that in your First Assistant you have a man of outstanding worth.' The present writer well remembers the talks that Père Voillard, then Superior General, gave to the novices at Maison-Carrée. Energetic gestures accompanied his words, and sometimes even outran them. The talks invariably ended with an ardent exhortation to imitate the great apostle, St Paul, with whom Père Voillard had much in common in his character. At this time Père de Foucauld was a man of fifty-two, and thus needed guidance less than when he was younger; nevertheless he wrote to Père Voillard very frequently, and saw him in 1911 and 1913. No letters of Père Voillard to Père de Foucauld have come down to us, but there are many from Charles to his director, and they are full of matters concerning the apostolate among the Mohammedans.

Nothing of significance remains to be said about the personal relations between Charles de Foucauld and the White Fathers. A White Father, Père David, still working in the Sahara though with fifty-four years already spent there to his credit, has left in a letter the impression made on the Moslems of Ghardaia by the news of Père de Foucauld's murder at Tamanrasset on 1 December 1916. Père David wrote to a friend as follows from Ghardaia on 23 May 1917:

His manner of living and his dress had struck the natives very much, and they often asked us for news of him. When the news of his massacre got abroad, there was general indignation. 'Didn't I tell you,' one of them said to me recently, 'that the Touaregs are traitors?'

Quite recently a native from Guerrara who had been Père de Foucauld's servant was lavish in his praise of him. He told the

natives grouped around us how the marabout always travelled on foot, praying, reading, writing (something about the topography of the country), while his servant took it easy on his camel, and how in the evening he became the servant of his servant.

'And now,' the good soldier asked me, 'where is he? Is he still at Tamanrasset?'

'He is up there,' I replied, pointing heavenwards with my finger.

'What! The marabout is dead?'

'Yes, the Touaregs killed him.'

'Oh! the —,' he cried, weeping. 'Do good to those dogs and they will repay with evil.'

After the hermit's death some of the objects used by him in his chapel were sent to Maison-Carrée and are still treasured by the White Fathers: his breviary, cross, chalice, stations of the cross made by Charles himself and his candlesticks. On the front page of the breviary we find that Père de Foucauld had written in the top centre the word *Jesus*, and underneath that the word *caritas*, while in a space between the two words he had traced a heart. We have here the guiding principle of Charles's life: the imitation of *Jesus*, especially in His charity.

IV: After Père de Foucauld's Death

Mgr Nouet succeeded Mgr Guérin as Prefect Apostolic of the Sahara in 1910. He knew Père de Foucauld well, and had met him as early as 1904 at Ghardaia. Convinced of the great personal holiness of the hermit, he has left a statement in which he says:

Nothing moved me more than the kindness in everything which showed itself in a noble politeness to the least of the nomads. I was not surprised to find in one of the Father's notebooks this resolution which assigned him his position with regard to the natives: 'The natives are my employers.'

In 1925 Mgr Nouet opened an enquiry into the virtues and holiness of life of Charles de Foucauld in view of the introduction of his cause in Rome, and, with the consent of Père Voillard, named two White Fathers as postulator and vice-postulator of the cause. The diocesan process was opened at Ghardaia on 16 February 1927. On 18 April 1929 Mgr Nouet had the body of Charles

exhumed, transferred from Tamanrasset and reburied at El Golea, where the White Fathers can watch over the grave carefully, though the heart was removed and placed in the granite monument over the grave of General Laperrine, who had been buried next to his friend at Tamanrasset after his death in 1920, following an air crash in the desert. The completed dossier of the cause of Charles de Foucauld was sent to Rome by Père Coudray, the Postulator, in 1947. The Procurator-General of the White Fathers, Père Wouters, being always resident in Rome, was then appointed Postulator, while Père Coudray became Vice-Postulator, and still carries on the work of making known the life and work of Charles de Foucauld. It is hoped that the cause of Père de Foucauld will soon be formally introduced in Rome.

Among the White Fathers, Charles de Foucauld found the freedom and help he needed to follow his vocation of bearing witness to Jesus Christ by living according to the pattern and spirit of Jesus's life at Nazareth. But as we have seen, he remained a solitary figure in his hermitage, though he longed for companions with the same vocation to join him. However, it was not many years after his death before his shining example inspired others to follow in his footsteps, and their leader was a priest who had completed his novitiate at Maison-Carrée with the intention of becoming a White Father, but had been obliged by ill-health to leave the Society temporarily. One day, the present writer, during his novitiate at Maison-Carrée, 1932-3, was in the room of the Novice Master, Fr Paul Betz, when there was a knock at the door and in came a tall, bearded man, dressed very much as Père de Foucauld used to dress. From Fr Bètz there was a joyful cry of welcome for the visitor, and a significant gesture of the hand for me. I was dismissed. The visitor, as I afterwards heard, was Père René Voillaume, the first disciple of Père de Foucauld, just at the beginning of his career as founder of the Little Brothers of Jesus.

For the following details, the writer is indebted to Père Voillaume himself. He completed his novitiate at Maison-Carrée in 1925-6, but because of illness afterwards went to finish his study of theology at St Sulpice, in Paris, instead of at the White Fathers' Scholasticate at Carthage, in Tunisia. It was at St Sulpice that he met the handful of companions with whom he was to found the Little Brothers of Jesus. Ordained priest, Père Voillaume and a companion went to learn Arabic at the Institut des Belles Lettres Arabes at Tunis, directed by the White Fathers, and

stayed there two years, 1931-3, meanwhile being joined by two other members of the new Congregation. It was on the advice of Père Voillard, the Superior-General, and of his First Assistant, Père Marchal, that Père Voillaume made his first foundation at El Abiodh Sidi Cheikh in the Sahara (now the novitiate). Both White Fathers helped the young Congregation with affectionate advice in the early days, and paid visits to this first foundation in its difficult moments. Père Voillaume concludes, 'There have always been between them (the White Fathers) and us relations full of confidence and affection.' These happy relations have continued through the subsequent years. The White Fathers of the Diocese of Laghouat (Sahara), the former Prefecture of Ghardaia, and in particular Mgr Mercier, the present Bishop, set a high value on the apostolic work, both among the nomads and among the sedentary population of the Sahara, of the Fraternities established in the diocese by Père Voillaume. Bishop Mercier does all he can to encourage the members of the Fraternities in his diocese to persevere in their exemplary lives in the spirit of the words of Charles de Foucauld, their inspiration, 'I want to proclaim the Gospel by my whole life,' and thus be a wholesome leaven among his flock; at the same time the Bishop honours Père Voillaume with his personal friendship. In the diocese of Laghouat there are four Fraternities of the Little Brothers of Jesus (of which one is at Tamanrasset), five Fraternities of the Little Sisters of Jesus (of which one is at Tamanrasset and one at Beni-Abbès), and one Fraternity of the Little Sisters of the Sacred Heart. Altogether there are thirty members of these followers of Charles de Foucauld in the desert. One Fraternity of the Little Sisters of the Sacred Heart carries on the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in a tent at Asekrem among the Touaregs, high up in the mountains of the Hoggar. There the Touaregs used to take refuge when life at Tamanrasset became temporarily impossible because of the aridity, and Père de Foucauld followed them and built a hermitage, now engulfed by the sand.

Père de Foucauld was not a White Father, but Providence ruled that he should live what might be called the missionary, the seeding time of his life, among the White Fathers; that his first disciple should receive much of his training for the apostolate from them; and that the early foundations, the first attempts of his spiritual children to walk in his footsteps, should be made in the Prefecture of Ghardaia which had welcomed Charles with

charity and confidence in 1901. Perhaps the relations between Charles de Foucauld and the White Fathers are best summed up in the following words of René Bazin, first biographer of Charles, written to Bishop Livinhac:

It seems to me that posterity, perhaps even our contemporaries, will not draw any distinction between Charles de Foucauld and your brethren. During all his life in Africa, he was their companion, their friend, their debtor. One can say that he is their model.

CHARLES DE FOUCAULD AND POVERTY

By DAVID MATHEW

IN THE life of Charles de Foucauld the idea of Poverty was dominated by the thought of the Holy Family at Nazareth. His idea of Poverty resembled that of St Francis of Assisi; but being nearer to us in time we can envisage much more accurately the things from which he turned away. Père de Foucauld was born of an old family from the Périgord. Still, he was brought up on a restricted income. His grandfather, who was his guardian, was a retired Colonel of Engineers. Charles de Foucauld came of age in the year after the disaster of Sedan. His period of extravagance was that of the money-conscious world of the Third Republic. He had the luxury of a young officer, great care in choice of food and of cigars, and silk pyjamas, then a novelty. The setting was the cavalry school at Pont-à-Mousson. In reality he passed away from this phase very quickly. Later there was insubordination, as in bringing his mistress to Algeria, where he was serving with the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*. He was thirty-six when he returned to the practice of his religion and made his confession to the Abbé Huvelin.

Thereafter he was dominated by the desire to live like our Saviour, solitary and poor. He seems to have determined to be

defenceless. While it was clear that he was not in tune with the life of La Trappe of Nôtre Dame des Neiges above La Bastide-Saint Laurent in the Vivarais, it was the protection of the cloister which did not suit him. Organized religious life could seldom have that particular quality of defencelessness and insecurity which he always sought. This became evident when Charles de Foucauld was transferred to the poor Trappist monastery at Akbes, inland from Alexandretta. At the time of the Armenian massacres Turkish soldiers were set at the gates to give protection to this French house. De Foucauld had a profound desire for the defencelessness of Christian Poverty.

There is in his life a certain link with the wandering hermits of whom St Benedict Joseph Labre is a modern example. In a sense it was isolation in Poverty that he desired. And he found this in its perfection when, having left the Trappists, he became gardener and outdoor servant to the Poor Clares at Nazareth. There in a shed in the convent garden he led the life of a poor man, and this livelihood without possessions was what he preserved for the rest of his life. Later he became a priest, was ordained at Nôtre Dame des Neiges and went out to live in the Sahara. A comment made at about the time of his ordination by a brother porter at La Trappe brings him back vividly. 'Father de Foucauld looked so pitiful: he was dusty to the shoulders, and around this body, sir, a rosary long and big and heavy enough for tethering a calf.'

In a sense at Beni-Abbès, and still more so at Hoggar Taman-rasset, he had moved out of his century and was surrounded by the timeless poverty of the people of the desert. He could see in his neighbours a reflexion of the life of the Poor in Israel in the time of Christ. A phrase from his years in Nazareth throws some light on his outlook. He had had a project, which like so many of his ideas came to nothing, for obtaining in some way the site of the Mount of the Beatitudes. His plans broke down and he wrote these words: 'Another means must be found. I see only one: it is to be, myself, the poor chaplain at this poor sanctuary.'

It is, perhaps, easiest to explain one aspect of Charles de Foucauld's life by a description of his last resting place in Taman-rasset. It was an oblong wooden building surrounded by poor camel pasture. It stood 5000 feet above sea level with to the South the split rock of Mount Hadrian. There were a few rush huts similar to his own, in which lived some *harratins*, the local tribesmen, who grew a little barley, carrots and red Guinea pepper. It

was really in the world of his time the Poverty of Nazareth. He was here far from the French soldiers, who had been near him in his first hermitage at Beni-Abbès. A note survives written in 1912. 'Tamanrasset, with its forty hearths of poor husbandmen, is very much what Nazareth and Bethlehem may have been in the time of Our Lord.' He could now keep the Blessed Sacrament; only a curtain separated his working and sleeping-place from the main chapel. He was thus able to approach the poor at their own level. He was always conscious that our Lord had taught the poor in a poverty which resembled that of his hearers. Charles de Foucauld would seem to have been in reaction against the spirit of the second half of the nineteenth century, when so many great novitiates and mother-houses were erected upon the soil of Europe. He was convinced that the only way to approach the poor Moslem was to come in a like poverty. The simplicity of Poverty could only be fully expressed if it were to be freed from the great constructions of bricks and mortar.

With this there went another note which is in an especial way characteristic of all de Foucauld's thought. The situation of the modern world is seen as rooted in insecurity. It is true that an insecurity arising from lack of employment still shadows even the Welfare State; this is a constant peril in primitive countries. In the view of Charles de Foucauld the man who has accepted Poverty must likewise be insecure; he must earn by his labour the sufficiency for each day. It was his desire to lead men back to the hill-sides of Galilee and to the poverty of the first disciples.

The more you build the more you leave behind you when the Government shall turn against the Old Religion. The continents are littered with the sequestered monasteries and convents. It is in his Poverty that man goes free. One of the characteristics of the Catholic life is a perpetual renewal. A life in which the poverty of one's African or Chinese or Chilean neighbours is made one's own is in a true sense Evangelical. It reflects across so many generations the life of the Apostles when they left their fields and nets to follow their Master. It would seem that a great element of appeal in the life of Charles de Foucauld and in that of his disciples, both men and women, is Poverty in its simplicity and insecurity.

Three days before he was killed by the Tuaregs Charles de Foucauld wrote to the prioress of the Poor Clares at Nazareth in these words. 'I can regularly say Holy Mass every day. I have another happiness: that of having the reserved Sacrament in my

little chapel. I am always by myself. Some Frenchmen come to see me from time to time: every thirty or forty days I see one of them on his way.' Père de Foucauld desired to make converts and rarely made them. But he gave his life to what is among the most appealing of the varied facets of the Christian presentation, the development of a Poverty like our Lord's.

'MONSIGNOR OF ENGLAND'

Cardinal Pole Before His Final Return to England

By E. J. B. FRY

The fourth centenary of the death of Cardinal Pole falls on 17 November

AMONG the unpublished letters of Cardinal Pole in the State Archives at Parma is one written in April 1553 that helps to give us a picture of the great Englishman just before his return from exile in Italy, where for nearly twenty years he had played so important a part on the European scene.

It was written on 5 April in Rome, before Edward's death and Mary's accession changed the whole course of his life. It seems to be the last still existing that he wrote before leaving Rome for good. Letters of this period are rare. In fact the great eighteenth-century edition of Pole's letters published by Cardinal Quirini contains not one dated between 1550 and the great spate of letters that began after Mary's accession.¹

Written to Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, son of Pier Luigi and grandson of Pope Paul III, it shows 'Monsignor of England' at a moment when he was an established Cardinal of Renaissance Rome, intimately concerned with its day-to-day life and the places and personalities that went to make it up. We know that he had been placed on every reforming commission—of the Datary and the Roman University, for example—for a decade

¹ But two, undated, were written from Bagnarea, where he was in 1552.

past, had three years previously been the most likely candidate for the Papacy, and was among the small number of cardinals of real weight. The less official concerns of this letter are all the more interesting:

Most Reverend and Illustrious, my Honoured Lord. . . . About what your lordship writes to me in your own hand, showing that you are still seriously annoyed with Signor Camillo¹ for having had the trees in your garden cut down, so spoiling almost all its beauty, I avow to your lordship that when I first heard about it I felt more upset than I had ever thought possible to feel for such a thing, as though I had planted them with my own hand. And I know that my own capacity for delight of the senses in gardens and trees is strong enough. So my distress was not only in sympathy with what I knew that you must feel, but also because these trees seemed to me to confer beauty not only on that garden but on the whole of Rome. I never saw any other (garden) so beautiful and large in all Rome, so that when I was told that these (trees) had been cut down by S.^{re} Camillo's orders I was greatly distressed, both on account of the perpetrator (auctore) and for the thing itself.

I began to grumble at your lordship's men, who, knowing my devotion to you, had not said a word to me beforehand about it. It was not that I thought my friendship with him would carry more weight in the matter than the authority of other people who had already spoken to him about it, but at least I would have been able to satisfy my mind by leaving no stone unturned. I would, for instance, have begged for some delay which would have enabled one to appeal to higher authority to remedy it all. But the said gentleman was so speedy in the matter, as he habitually is in all his actions, that he gave no time for anyone who wanted to prevent him to be able to apply to the fountainhead . . . Anyone who knows his natural habits will attribute this to no other cause than what I have said, namely to his natural inclination to do all that he does in haste.

In this case it was also due to his being over-anxious to be fair, and have no respect of persons, in the conviction that one must act thus for the public good. He knew, too, that the walls of Rome could not be made safe without strong complaints from many people of every rank, as has actually happened. It seemed to him that he could stop everyone's mouth once it was seen that in this matter no exception was made even of the garden of so illustrious a person as your lordship. . . . I could never get myself to believe that

¹ Camillo Capilupi seems to have held some office in connexion with the repair of the walls of Rome that was going on this year. Pastor gives various letters of his to Cardinal Ercole Gonzaga from the Mantua Archives, one of which (*History of the Popes*, Vol. XIII, p. 446.) dated 15 February 1553, speaks of the building work that is going on since the good weather has arrived. He says that the Pope, Julius III, is going out daily to watch the progress of the Villa Giulia, and has ordered the strengthening of the walls of the Borgo, the Castel Sant' Angelo, and St Peter's and the Palace.

he was prompted to this by a wish to offend you. I know too well the obligation he has often acknowledged himself to be under to the late Pope Paul (III) and in consequence to your Ill. lordship and to all your house. So it would be difficult for me to believe that he has a mind so ungrateful and vile, and, in a word, so little Christian. . . . If your lordship could have heard the excuses he made. . . . I feel sure that you would once more be persuaded by your natural kindness to take the same view of him as I do, as I hope you will when you have read the attached letters written on the subject at my request. . . .

(P.S. in own hand). It remains for me to beg your lordship that as in your last letter you distressed me by your change in attitude to S.^{or} Camillo, so you will now console me, (by accepting his service). For he finds himself under obligation to you as the origin of his honour and the reputation that he now has in the eyes of the world. I expect to be thus consoled through your natural kindness by your next letter. Humbly kissing your hand . . . I commend myself to your good grace.

The humble servant of your Rev. and Ill. lordship

REGINALD CARDINAL POLE

This letter was written when he was apparently living at St Paul's-outside-the-walls¹ to get away from the business and intrigues of the city. He had already asked permission of the Pope to retire to the Abbey of Maguzzano on the Lake of Garda, and he left Rome in May. At Maguzzano he heard of the death of Edward on 6 July, and his own appointment as Legate for the reconciliation of England, and from there he travelled to Flanders, never returning to Rome again.

He seems never really to have struck roots in Rome as he had done in Padua and Venice, the scenes of his early studies, which he called in the last year of his life his second patria, 'una me genuit, altera me excepit'.² He found it too much the metropolis for his retiring and studious tastes, too much, in a sense, 'the world'. He said so to Cardinal Contarini in 1539.³ Yet here he seems to be part of it, and we find him enjoying the friendship, which endured over a period of twenty years, of the munificent Cardinal Farnese, a thorough Roman. It shows his capacity for friendly relations with men of a very different stamp from himself. This indeed applies to the whole Farnese family, especially to

¹ Pio Paschini in his life of Alvise Priuli, p. 114 (Rome, 1921), says that this information is contained in a letter from Filippo Geri, brother of the deceased Cosimo, bishop of Verona and one of Pole's household.

² Michiel, Venetian ambassador to England, writing to the Senate (Alvise's cousin, Lorenzo Priuli, was then Doge) in 1557. Venetian Calendar, VI, 2. 884.

³ *Poli Epist.*, Ed. Quirini. Vol. II, p. 193.

Pope Paul III, and the young Cardinal Alessandro, his grandson, son of Pier Luigi. He seems to have been on uniformly good terms with Paul III who valued him greatly. Yet this cultured Pope, the first to introduce reforms, and to commence the Council of Trent, was the founder of a ducal house in the person of his dissolute son, Pier Luigi, and as great a nepotist as any in raising his grandsons and relatives to the purple. Alessandro was the right-hand man of his grandfather, an able diplomatist and a cultured humanist, patron and friend of scholars, litterati and artists, builder of palaces and gardens, the Maecenas of his age, the Renaissance Cardinal on a grandiose scale. He was twenty years Pole's junior and perhaps never his intimate friend, though the correspondence shows the relation deepening, and it was continued to the end of Pole's life. Amongst these same unpublished letters are some to Farnese from Greenwich and Canterbury in those final years.

At the time of our first letter Paul III was dead (1550) and Pope Julius III (del Monte, Pole's fellow legate at Trent) had waged a war with the Farnese now allied to France for the recovery of the Duchy of Parma and Piacenza. He had, however, been finally forced, by the exhaustion of the exchequer, to confirm Ottavio Farnese, the cardinal's brother, in his dukedom, and Orazio, the younger brother, in the dukedom of Castro. During the war the Farnese cardinals had chosen exile from Rome, and had only felt able to return nine months previously. In trying to induce Paulo Giovio, who was staying on the lake of Como, to come back with him to Rome in 1550, the cardinal had said that the country was all very well, but they would return to Rome to 'live the life of gentlemen'. 'Our Trastevere garden can be your museum, and the Tiber the shores of Lake Como.'¹ Meanwhile he could return to building his 'little castles'. Paul III had left to him the great Palazzo Farnese that Sangallo had designed and it was continued under the direction of Michelangelo. He had the second courtyard built for his famous collection of antiques, and Michelangelo even planned a bridge to carry the vista across the river to his garden, but it was unbuilt on Michelangelo's death 1564. He also built the magnificent country 'villa' of Caprarola, now the country palace of the Italian presidents, and the church of the Gesù. He laid out the opulent *Orti Farnesiani*, with their villa, on the

¹ Paraphrased; quoted by F. de Navenne, *Rome, le Palais Farnese et les Farnèse*, 1914, p. 616.

Palatine. Though these *Orti* seem to have been the most magnificent of the Farnese gardens, they were well inside the walls of Rome, so it seems that it was not their trees that were so ruthlessly cut down by S.^{or} Camillo, but those of the Trastevere *vigna*. If this was opposite the Palazzo Farnese, which Michaelangelo's plan implies, it must have been just outside the Aurelian walls, and the Porto Settimiana, in the region of the great *vignas* along the Via Sacra leading to St Peter's.¹

It is pleasant to think of Pole enjoying this garden by the Tiber, and having such an English love of trees and passionate reaction to their being cut down, 'as though he had planted them with his own hand'. Indeed we have other evidence of Pole's love of gardens, in this case the famous garden, of great beauty and full of rare horticultural specimens that Cardinal Bembo had created at his villa outside Padua. Pole wrote to Vittoria Colonna in 1546 when he was resting there after his illness at the council of Trent, telling her of the 'grande commodità' that he enjoyed there in the house of Cardinal Bembo, 'with such security and content of mind, as though I were in the house of my father, and then with this convenience, above all in two things in which I have always felt the greatest pleasure, namely a study and a garden, both of which I have here found so beautiful that I do not know where any could be found, for my taste, more beautiful'.²

Besides his love of gardens, our first letter shows one very evident characteristic of Pole's, namely his remarkably consistent charity and kindness, taking pains for others, whether to help or defend. He takes so much trouble to defend S.^{or} Camillo against any accusation of ill-will, and to try and reconcile him and Cardinal Farnese for their mutual benefit. His rather enchanting analysis of the hasty but upright character of the man has an almost modern ring. Indeed the whole situation seems uncomfortably like the common enough modern occurrence of a county or borough council ruthlessly sweeping aside individual rights and amenities. But this habit of reporting good and excusing apparent misdemeanours was evidently a consistent principle of Pole's. It can be illustrated easily merely from this set of unpublished letters of his from Parma which I am at present translating. In his first letters back to Rome on his journey to France and Flanders in 1537 the newly appointed 'Legate of England'

¹ Pastor, Vol. XIII, p. 389.

² Vittoria Colonna, Carteggio, 1892, p. 311.

immediately began reporting back the kindnesses done to him. He tells how well the vice-legate of Piacenza has received him, and asks that the Cardinal of Ivrea be thanked for seeing that his nephew was so good to him.¹ S.^{or} Cagnino and Count Anibale di Nuvolaza (or Novellaza) have invited him to stay at Chieri, and can the imperial and French ambassadors also be thanked for the good reception accorded to him by their men.² One of the most evident and charming cases is in a long and important letter from Cambrai, written on 7 May 1537, to Cardinal Farnese.³ He had just been driven out of France by the machinations of Henry VIII with Francis I, and yet could not enter into imperial territory. He was held up in border territory between the warring powers, in considerable danger from English mercenaries, with a price placed on his head by Henry, who wrote on 25 April to his envoys in France, Gardiner and Brian, saying: 'We would be very glad by some means to have the said Pole trussed up and conveyed to Calais; we desire and pray you to consult and devise between you thereupon.'⁴ Charles was in Spain and his sister, the Queen Regent, at the instance of Charles and the English ambassador, Hulton, did nothing to admit him to imperial territory. He could get no real reply from the Cardinal of Liège⁵ who, as he said, could have done much as Cardinal and Prince of Liège, even if not as minister of Charles. He had sent a messenger offering little more than to forward letters, but, as Pole said, 'common humanity could have found other offices to do'. Yet after speaking with some warmth of 'quella poca cortesia', Pole hastily adds that he hopes not too much official notice will be taken of the details of this complaint, because there may be elements in Liège's situation not clear to him, and moreover 'he might do better at the next test'. This defence, even against his own accusations, and at a moment of danger to himself, is attractive. In fact the Cardinal of Liège soon brought him to his city and gave him protection there for some months. Pole rewarded him on his return to Rome by gaining him the full legatine powers and other privileges.

There is no doubt that Pole was not just naturally kind-hearted, though he was that too, but believed particularly

¹ Letter of 4 March 1537, from Piacenza to Mgr Ambrogio Ricalcato, protonotary and private secretary of Paul III. Unpublished. Parma, State Archives.

² Letter of 9 March 1537, to Mgr Durante, Bishop of Alghero in Sardinia, *principia* 1 papal secretary, later cardinal, from Chieri in Piedmont. Parma. Unpublished.

³ To Farnese, 7 May 1537, two copies, slight differences, same source.

⁴ *Letters and Papers, Henry VIII*, XII, i, 1032.

⁵ Erarde de Marck. He died two years later.

strongly in gratitude, charity and courtesy, and took great trouble to practise them. But there can be no doubt either that he also had a natural genius for friendship. Everywhere he went he bound to himself in lasting friendship the *élite* of his age. There was not an eminent man of letters, humanist or Catholic reformer, who was not Pole's friend or correspondent, and besides there are many more obscure who only come out of the shadows as enjoying the friendship of Pole. He must have been a remarkably attractive person, besides his qualities of humanist learning and upright piety and virtue.

Yet although he was only fifty-three in the year of Mary's succession, he had already lost almost the whole of that great group of humanists and reformers who were his closest friends, mostly, it is true, older than himself. They are the great names of the age, men with wide sympathies, ardent and honest reformers, but gentle with heretics, deeply learned and spiritual, without losing their humanist culture. It is a group very attractive to our own times.

Cardinal Gasparo Contarini, pre-eminent among Pole's friends, had died in August 1543. This great Venetian was one of the ablest of the republic's many able ambassadors, and later as Cardinal he was still employed on diplomatic missions, but he was a humanist as well as a diplomat, and a Church reformer as well as both. From the time of his creation as Cardinal in the same consistory as St John Fisher, 20 May 1535, until his death, he is the lynch-pin of the whole reforming movement. The reforming Cardinals nominated in the famous consistory of 22 December 1536 were largely suggested by him, and included Pole and Jacopo Sadoleto, and also a reformer of a very different stamp, the fiery Caraffa, later Paul IV. This consistory was the real beginning of reform, because it introduced the men who could bring it about, though not as swiftly as the more sanguine of them hoped. The historic occasion was celebrated by Vasari in a large fresco at the palace of the Cancellaria, where Pole the Englishman is quite evident among the renaissance splendours, curly columns and putti and symbolic figures. It was Contarini who presided at the first reforming commission, which included all the new men.

He was born in 1483, seventeen years before Pole, but the ties that bound them were very strong. One feels in Pole's correspondence with him an assurance of understanding, a depth of feeling,

and a playfulness, an absence of the careful restraint that he had so constantly to practise in his life. These qualities are hardly found together again, after Contarini's death. Pole seems thereafter essentially a lonely man. Vittoria Colonna, also his close friend, who herself died in 1547, writes to the nun sister of Contarini:

Monsignor of England, his singular, intimate and most true friend, and more than son and brother, . . . feels this loss so much that his strong, pious mind, unvanquished by so many varied troubles, seems to have given itself over to grief more than it has ever done on any other occasion. It is as though the spirit of consolation, who dwells ever in his lordship, has willed to allow him to be thus grieved as a proof that this loss effects only the good.¹

In the same year, on 30 December 1543, died Giberti, bishop of Verona, who had accompanied him on his first legatine mission in 1537, and who is the bridge in his own person between the worlds of high renaissance Rome under the Medicean Popes, and the Catholic reform, for after many years as an able Papal diplomat, he became the first great reforming bishop, the model of St Carlo Borromeo. Yet he belongs to a very different world from the post-Tridentine bishops, both in his humanism and in his attitude to heretics to whom he was extremely gentle. Perhaps they could still be viewed by him as single straying individuals rather than part of a consolidated opposition camp, as they must have appeared to the younger men. Pole had the greatest respect for him and delight in his company. After the trials and dangers of his legation to Charles V in 1539, during which he heard of his brother's execution and his mother's imprisonment, he spent a few months of most welcome leisure, retirement and study at Verona 'in the good and welcome company of this rare and worthy bishop'.² He was deeply mourned.

In January 1547 Pole was at the deathbed of Cardinal Bembo, after a friendship lasting from his early student days at Padua. In the same year Vittoria Colonna, his 'second mother', died, closely followed by another of that early circle of devout humanists, Jacopo Sadoleto, Bishop of Carpentras. The poet Marc Antonio Flaminio, whom Pole's charity, tact, and true devotion had saved

¹ Carteggio. Letter CXLVII, p. 252. Translation taken from M. F. Jerrold: Vittoria Colonna, 1906, p. 266.

² To Farnese, 16 October 1539. Parma Archives.

from entanglement with Protestant doctrines, had become a member of his household, but he too had now died.

Moreover, the ten-year-old Roman Inquisition, under the violent, intolerant Neapolitan, Cardinal Caraffa, was beginning to cast doubts on all Pole's circle, living and dead. One of Pole's household, Filippo Geri (brother of Cosimo, late bishop of Fano), wrote from Rome on 29 April this year that rumours and suspicions were beginning to circulate about the orthodoxy of Pole himself.¹ We know that later, Caraffa, as Pope Paul IV, threw Cardinal Morone into prison in the Castel Sant' Angelo under suspicion of heresy, and that he remained there till the Pope's death, though nothing was ever proved against him. He was also to cancel Pole's legateship, and to try to recall him to Rome, though in this he was frustrated by Mary.

Pole's enemies came from two extremes. The worldly, who feared the upright, austere, reforming Cardinal, had, as recently as 1550, managed to defeat his nearly certain election as Pope, which they greatly feared. On the other hand, reformers of Caraffa's type, who preferred suppression to conversion, disliked and distrusted his gentleness with incipient heretics, and perhaps were suspicious, as administrators often are, of the mystical element in Pole's circle, the 'cenacle' of Viterbo.

There is no doubt that every heretic or near-heretic in Italy at that time had had contact with Vittoria Colonna and Pole. Ochino, in particular, had many contacts with Giberti, Contarini, Vittoria and Pole himself. The burning question of justification by faith was much discussed in Vittoria's circle. But if some, deeply embedded in pride, like Ochino the idolized preacher, and Peter Martyr Vermiglio, had left the Church and Italy and become leaders of heresy in England and elsewhere, others had been held in the Church by his influence. In an unpublished and undispatched *apologia pro vita sua* written to Paul IV at the end of his life² Pole precisely defends himself against this charge of consorting with heretics, saying that he considered it part of the pastoral duty of a Cardinal to try to bring back the erring sheep, and not to avoid contact with them. Vittoria Colonna herself told Cardinal Morone that she was never under such obligation to anyone as to Cardinal Pole, and that she felt she owed her salvation to him.³

¹ Quoted by Pio Paschini, *Alvise Priuli*, p. 113-14. 1921, Rome.

² Petyt MSS. No. 538, Vol. 46, Inner Temple Library.

³ Jerrold, *op. cit.* p. 277, quoting from the processo of Card. Morone.

Certainly he insisted with her on the double obligation of faith and works, and advised her to cease contact with Ochino after his flight.

But if Pole had lost many friends, and made a few opponents, he still retained one of his closest friends, Alvise Priuli, cousin of two Doges, his 'alter Achates', who followed his fortunes for more than twenty years, until his death at Lambeth. In England he was his great support and counsellor, and he remained for a year after his death as his executor, seeing to the execution of his will and dealing with Elizabeth's council. From the time of Pole's own illness and death he had been ill of quartan fever, and was carried back across Europe on a litter, only to die in Padua a few months later.

In those last few strenuous years in England, Pole's niece, Lady Huntingdon, and her sixth son, whom he called 'my son Walter', were to become very dear to him. And he made one more close friend, Mary, the Queen. When news was brought to him of Mary's death, a few hours before his own, he spoke to those about him of the similarity in their lives, harassed for their religion, and then sharing the cares of rule, and of the confidence Mary had shown him, and even more he spoke of the great similarity of their dispositions, the 'gran conformità d'anime' that there was between them.¹

DID NEWMAN 'FIT IN'?

Reply to a Critic

By JONATHAN ROBINSON

THE announcement that the Archbishop of Birmingham has set up a court to examine the question of the holiness of Cardinal Newman has, naturally enough, increased interest in the Cardinal, and also, perhaps, prompted some to wonder what is meant by sanctity.

Letter of Priuli to his brother, Antonio; *Venetian Calendar*, VI, 1286.

The Code of Canon Law says that in those cases which are concerned with Confessors—that is, those servants of God who are not martyrs for the Faith—the question is to be discussed, in the case under consideration is there evidence of the existence of the theological and cardinal virtues in an heroic degree? The question, clearly, is what is meant by heroic virtue. We cannot hope to say very much about this matter here, but some observations by a Consultor of the Sacred Congregation of Rites (which deals with these matters) as to the methods employed at the present time, and the sort of definitions used, may help to render less obscure the standards which are being applied to Newman's life.

Père Gabriel de Ste Marie-Madeleine, drawing on his personal experience as a Consultor of the Sacred Congregation, states that the notion of heroism has undergone a development over the years.¹ Benedict XIV, in his treatise on Heroic Virtue, gives us only the elements of a definition, but in so far as a definition can be disentangled it is one of a juridical and formal character. The formal and abstract approach which such a definition represents has gradually given way to a method which places more emphasis on history, and since 1930 the Sacred Congregation has had an historical section.

We may notice, as an illustration of this trend, that Benedict XV in 1916 defined sanctity as conformity 'to the Divine Will expressed in a faithful and exact accomplishment of the duties of one's state'. If, then, this is the type of definition which is used, it is clear that in discussing sanctity we will have to leave the region of abstract definitions and examine cases; to see real men and women in the circumstances of their life, and under the trials which God has sent them. Heroism will thus vary according to the circumstances and conditions which create these trials, and an enquiry into sanctity must consider the life of the servant of God in the concrete, to see whether he has in fact responded to what God demanded of him.

We can say then that heroism consists in the faithful and exact accomplishment of God's Commandments together with the duties of one's state in life. We must understand this strictly as excluding deliberate imperfection, and there must be a generous response to the terrible burden of daily conformity to the will of God in all things. 'Continuité parfaite et exactitude parfaite, qui évitent jusqu'à l'imperfection,' says Père Gabriel. This idea of heroism is

¹ *Etudes Carmelitaines*, June 1949. 'Normes Actuelles de la Sainteté'.

not foreign to Benedict XIV, whose work is as hard-headed and empirical as anyone could wish, but it does represent an increasing emphasis on the importance of history, of actual circumstances, and of the response of the servant of God to them.

In Newman's case it is clear that there is at least a *prima facie* argument that throughout his long life he was faithful and exact in answering the call of God. Whether or not he fulfilled God's demands in a way and to a degree which the Church will consider heroic there is no way of knowing, but, taking our lead from the Church, we can at least insist that those who write about Newman will attempt to examine the actions of his life in their context. We may, for example—some do—think Newman was querulous and disrespectful, but it would not seem to be in the spirit of the procedure of the Sacred Congregation to consider isolated statements or even passages from his diaries without at the same time making an effort to familiarize ourselves with the historical background and the circumstances in which the diaries were written.

On the other hand, there is a regrettable tendency amongst certain upholders of Newman's sanctity to denigrate, at the very least, all those who opposed him or stood in the way of the achievement of his plans. This is quite wrong-headed, and only leads to the creation of an atmosphere which renders difficult any attempt to arrive at the truth. It is one of the mysteries of life, and especially it seems of the life of the Church, that good and even holy men disagree. Benedict XIV recognizes this, and lays it down that an enquiry must be made into the tribulations and afflictions of the servant of God, amongst which the 'persecution of bad men, *sometimes even of good men*', are to be considered. These good men, he makes clear, may be those in authority, even at Rome itself.

The Roman tribunals, the advisers of the Roman Pontiffs themselves, take the greatest care that their proceedings be founded on truth and justice, and matters, for the most part, by the blessing of God, issue according to their desires; but God Himself permitting it, it may happen, and sometimes does happen, that, through the strength of human wickedness, justice is obstructed before them.

The Pope goes on to emphasize that misunderstanding and even persecution may be the lot of the servant of God at the hands of those who are holy men and have the best interests of the

Church at heart. Whether this was the fact of the matter in Newman's case is a matter to be decided by historical enquiry, but it is a different question from that of Newman's sanctity.

* * *

When all this has been said, however, there is no doubt that Newman is still a controversial figure, and in the Spring issue of *THE DUBLIN REVIEW* Canon Hawkins presented us with a view of his character and work which, if true, would not be of great assistance to the Postulator of the Cause. In spite of Newman's great gifts and intellectual honesty, so we gather, his was a nature at once so complex and so sensitive that he never really fitted into the Church, while his intellectual efforts were so varied and *ad hoc* that his work lacks that systematic precision which results from well-directed talent, and even in some cases a minimum of cogency. Newman, in fact, we are told, was 'a bit queer', and 'his oddities demand full attention'; his work is full of 'unconvincing examples of philosophizing'; then there is all the puzzling business about his relations to those in authority both in England and at Rome.

We should be grateful to Dr Hawkins for having presented, in so unambiguous and forthright a manner, so many of the misgivings which seem to stir in some minds when the name of the Cardinal is mentioned. In so far as these misgivings are based on evidence, and not merely on the authority of someone else's doubts, we are all, for the time being, free to make our own judgement. This article is a discussion of some of the difficulties raised by Canon Hawkins, and is not an attempt to put forward a case for Newman's sanctity. Personal opinions, that is, have been rendered largely irrelevant by the introduction of the Cause, and what is needed now is an attempt to understand Newman's life in its historical setting—the Church will decide whether or not he was 'a bit queer'.

* * *

Canon Hawkins leaves us with the impression that Newman was a sensitive intellectual, unhappy amongst the Catholics of his time, whom he regarded as 'somewhat barbarous in comparison with the Oriel common-room', and who in return, naturally

enough, were resentful and suspicious of the newcomer. Thus it was Newman's own character which must be held responsible for the difficulties and suspicions he encountered. In addition, however, his view of the clergy of his time was mistaken, for 'it was not wholly deficient in intellectual accomplishment'.

To take this last point first, it is true that Newman knew very little about the Catholic clergy before his conversion, and that from the outside it must have seemed as though he would not have had much in common with them. This view did not find its source in a defect of Newman's character, and in so far as it was a mistake it was one he shared with Wiseman himself, who wrote of 'the *low* state in many things' to which the Church in England had been reduced by 'the terrible grinding oppression of three hundred years'. Perhaps they were both wrong, but the question of character seems irrelevant.

A few years later, however, he came to know the clergy better, and, in planning his translation of the Bible, 'it is interesting to note,' Ward says, 'that almost without exception those scholars to whom he wrote for advice were the typical hereditary Catholics whom he had come more and more to respect and trust; Manning and Ward, indeed, are the only names of converts in his list'.

The suggestion that Newman's character was responsible for the draughtiness of his new home assumes that the Catholic body as a whole were uneasy about Newman, and this is not the case. It is true that at the beginning of his Catholic life he was treated with some suspicion by the older clergy, not because he was Newman, but because he and his friends had used their influence to keep people out of the Church when it had not been directly the object of their attack. This suspicion is hardly surprising, and follows a familiar pattern, as we learn from the book of Acts. Yet when this suspicion had been overcome Newman came to be revered and in many cases loved by the Catholics, both clerical and lay. His troubles and difficulties were not, so far as England is concerned, with the old Catholics, but with a group of fellow-converts. The whole question has been exhaustively treated by Ward and Abbot Butler, and it is perfectly clear from both these books that the notion that Newman found the Church 'draughty' because he could not fit in with the sort of people the English Catholics were, has no foundation. To show this in detail here is impossible, but the following will show how far off the mark such imputations are.

In 1867 Newman was ordered to abandon any hope of founding an Oratory at Oxford, and at the same time an explanation of this action appeared in the *Weekly Register*, which threw doubts both on his loyalty and orthodoxy. Abbot Butler commenting on this article says: 'The leading Catholic laity, who greatly venerated Newman, . . . were deeply moved at the personal attack of the *Weekly Register*'. The very day the attack appeared an address to Newman was drawn up which was signed by over two hundred — 'most of our chief laymen':

We, the undersigned, have been deeply pained at some anonymous attacks which have been made upon you. They may be of little importance in themselves, but we feel that every blow that touches you inflicts a wound upon the Catholic Church in this country. We hope, therefore, that you will not think it presumptuous in us to express our gratitude for all we owe you, and to assure you how heartily we appreciate the services which, under God, you have been the means of rendering to our Holy Religion.

When Newman was made a Cardinal, the Bishop of Newport, Dr Hedley, wrote of Newman in the following terms:

Speaking for the born-Catholics of a generation now no longer young, the writer can say with affectionate sincerity that they have grown up and thriven on the writing of John Henry Newman; their early years were brightened by his genius; their hearts were stirred in youth by his pictures of the holiness and majesty of God's Kingdom; their mature studies have been illuminated by his far-reaching thought; and they have looked up to him—and do now more than ever look up to him—as a leader and a father.

Abbot Butler, speaking of Hedley, writes that he was in every way as good a representative of the generation of hereditary Catholics that had grown up under the Hierarchy as Ullathorne was of the older generation. Ullathorne, Newman's own Bishop, spoke of Newman and 'the special relation of duty to each other' as 'one of the singular blessings which God has given me amongst the cares of my episcopal office'.

The suggestion, then, that Newman was an odd man out who could not find a home among the Catholics of his time is without any foundation, for the above quotations are not exceptions, but indications of the prevailing climate of opinion amongst the English Catholics. That he had trials and difficulties with some of

those in authority is true, but he bore these heroically and they were in no way *due* to his temperament.

It has become the fashion [says Butler] to speak of Newman as hypersensitive, a *souffre-douleur*, but when count is taken of the persistent campaign carried on against him in England and in Rome by Ward, Talbot, Coffin, Herbert Vaughan, and with Manning's assent; how such charges as unorthodoxy, unsoundness, disloyalty, worldliness, lowness of view, evil influence, Gallicanism, were freely levelled against him during a period of ten years or more, and further, when it is remembered that he knew quite well all that was being spoken and whispered against him, so that he felt the cloud he was under: when all this is taken into consideration, it will be recognized that to possess his soul in peace and not to mind, he must needs have been not merely uncommonly thick-skinned, but even rhinoceros-hided.

I will say something in a moment about Newman's difficulties with those in authority, but first let us look at Newman the thinker.

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Canon Hawkins reminds us that, with the possible exception of the *Grammar of Assent*, most of Newman's writings can be classed as occasional; that is, books designed to meet a particular situation and need. This is a helpful remark so long as we do not make the mistake of judging the worth of the books by what they would have been like if they had been the work of a professional philosopher or theologian, and designed for an audience of specialists. Newman was writing for the educated layman who understood the English language and would not read technical works. We may call this *vulgarization*, or what we will, but it is, without detracting in any way from the value of philosophy and theology in the more academic sense, a most useful and important type of writing.

The failure to remember this point leads Canon Hawkins to give a wrong impression of the nature and cogency of the arguments of the *Grammar of Assent* by saying that 'Newman's logic of faith fails because it omits faith itself'. This would be a serious charge if it could be substantiated, and Dr Hawkins would be justified in saying that the book 'misses the point in the end'. If we examine the book under discussion, however, we will find that it

is not Newman who has missed the point. We can see this simply by comparing the critic's account of what Newman is doing with his own:

- H. 'Newman seeks to assemble the probable arguments which, taken together, are intended to justify our belief in God.'
- N. 'I am not proposing to set forth the arguments which issue in the belief of doctrines, but to investigate what it is to believe in them, what the mind does, what it contemplates, when it makes an act of faith. I am not considering the question that there is a God . . .'
- H. 'he wrote . . . with a view to displaying the logical force of religious belief . . .'
- N. 'we are not justified, in the case of concrete reasoning and especially of religious enquiry, in waiting till . . . logical demonstration is ours, but on the contrary are bound in conscience to seek truth and to look for certainty by modes of proof, which, when reduced to the shape of formal propositions, fail to satisfy the severe requirements of science.'

The two excerpts from Newman, besides illustrating a certain divergence between Dr Hawkins and the Cardinal, also serve to set out in a positive way the subject-matter of the book, which is twofold. Its first aim is to discuss the nature of assent, and its second is to treat of non-formal inference or, as Newman himself expressed it once in conversation, 'the first part of the book shows that you can believe what you cannot understand, the second part that you can believe what you cannot absolutely prove'.

It should be clear from this that Newman is not writing a treatise on the act of faith. To put the matter simply, he is working from the side of nature, not of grace. He is analysing, cataloguing and describing the way human beings actually do give their assent to mysteries, for example that of the Blessed Trinity, which they cannot be said to understand; and how a person who has neither the leisure nor the ability to produce a scientific demonstration of the existence of God can nevertheless come to think he ought to be a Catholic.

This intention is surely in harmony with St Thomas's careful distinctions between faith and reason. If, as St Thomas teaches, grace does not destroy nature, then it should be possible to examine what it means in terms of our natural capacities to assent to the truths of faith, and this was Newman's first aim.

It is also the traditional position that, ideally at least, a person can come to think that God exists, and that Catholicism as a

system is of such a nature that a rational man can give it his assent *before* he comes to believe, by God's grace, in God as Father, the Church and its teachings. Newman was interested in the obvious fact that most people do not come to the position of asking for faith as the result of demonstrative arguments. He did not conclude from this that such people were led to believe by 'blind impulse', but held that ordinary men could come to accept the claim of the Church by a process which was rational but not scientific. The description of this movement of the mind and self is his second aim.

The subject matter of the *Grammar of Assent*, then, is the manner in which assent is given to what is believed; and the way the mind works when it moves from error to assent to the truth presented by the Church. Whether or not Newman is successful is another question, but until we understand what he is trying to do our criticism will be somewhat wide of the mark.

With Dr Hawkins' charge that Newman leaves out faith we have arrived at a new stage in the evaluation of his work. It used to be said that Newman was not intellectual enough, a man who believed '*grace à son cœur*', and that he held that reason could reach no certainty in religious matters. Newman has even been called the Father of Modernism; although one would have thought that this ghost had been laid by St Pius X in his letter to Bishop O'Dwyer. Now, however, Newman is too much of a rationalist and leaves out faith altogether. To this we can only repeat once more that he is not writing a treatise *de Fide*.

To underline the point, however, and to show that he was quite clear himself on this question, we may instance the following excerpt:

Assent is ever assent: but in the assent which follows on a divine announcement, and is vivified by a divine grace, there is, from the nature of the case, a transcendent adhesion of the mind, intellectual and moral, and a special self-protection, *beyond the operation of those ordinary laws of thought, which alone have a place in my discussion.* [My italics.]

We may finish this section by putting a slightly different emphasis on Newman's need for a stimulus before he wrote. What is needed here is a sense of reality. He was an exceptionally busy man. His books, forty-four in all, with or without stimulus, would have been more than a lifetime's work for most men—especially

when we remember that he had no secretary; but in addition he built four churches and founded the Birmingham Oratory, he spent seven years in Ireland trying to found a university, and at the same time he was head of a community which he directed in great detail. Besides this he was in constant demand as a counsellor, and his letters were a full-time task in themselves. The notion of a disconsolate Newman idly packaging and re-packaging papers, because he had nothing better to do, is too close to fancy to be of much substance. Could we not accept the generous judgement of Dean Inge on this matter? The Dean was by no means sympathetic to Newman and what he stood for, yet he could write:

There are few parallels to the neglect of his literary reputation by Newman. Higher interests he thought were at stake; and so he had no dream for building for himself 'a monument more durable than brass' and of claiming a pedestal among the great writers of English prose and verse. He accepted long years of literary barrenness . . . a man who must have been conscious of rare literary gifts made no attempt to immortalize himself by them. It was for the Church, and not for himself, that he wrote as well as lived.

* * *

The character of Newman as painted by Canon Hawkins is hardly an attractive one. He had, it is true, a 'massive' Victorian integrity, but not properly under the direction of prudence. Thus, like the Rev. W. Sibthorp, who spent his life passing back and forth from Anglicanism to Catholicism, his integrity had its amusing side. Furthermore, he was not tough enough to withstand the inevitable reactions to his prickly character, and he was goaded into hitting back at those in authority. When we add to all this the fact that he was snobbish about his family, it is hardly to be wondered at that some people have doubts about Newman's goodness, let alone his sanctity.

The view that Newman's conversion had its amusing side hardly seems to appreciate the difficulties and responsibilities which were his. It is an easier matter now for Anglicans to see their way into the Church, but this is in no small measure due to the *Apologia* and its author. People seem to forget the position Newman gave up to become a Catholic. Ward wondered whether there was anything in all history like Newman's influence at

Oxford at this period. Principal Shairp wrote that 'It was almost as if some Ambrose or Augustine of elder days had reappeared'; and Froude said, 'Compared with him,' all the rest were 'but as ciphers, and he the indicating number.' He gave up all this, and the leadership of the movement which transformed the character of Anglicanism, in order to make his peace with the Church. Newman had never met any English Catholics, and, however estimable they may have been, they stood outside the main stream of the life of the nation, that life in which Newman's name was a household word. Catholicism was something alien, strange and wicked, so his background told him and his own thought had convinced him. He had to undo the emotional responses and the habits of mind of a lifetime, and there is nothing amusing in the agony that this must have cost him.

But he was not making up his mind for himself alone. Hundreds depended on him in an immediate way, and many thousands would be influenced by what he did. This must have been a particularly trying responsibility. He had awakened so many to the reality of the unseen and the law of God. Would his decision undo so much of this work which had so obviously been blessed by the Holy Spirit? Was he conscious as he struggled at Littlemore that long after his death his decision would continue to affect people whichever way he went? Be that as it may, his delicate yet strong sense of responsibility made him realize that he was not deciding for himself alone, and in this he was not over-estimating his own importance. Gladstone maintained that Newman's conversion 'has never yet been estimated at anything like the full amount of its calamitous importance', while Disraeli years after the event described it as a blow under which the Church of England still reeled.

Yet even more important than either of these points is the question of what we can possibly mean when we say a person ought to have become a Catholic sooner. If the Faith is a gift of God, how can we say to the Giver that it should have been bestowed earlier, or to the recipient that he should have received it earlier? The dealing of God with an individual soul on a matter like this is surely that soul's business, and we do not possess the sort of knowledge which enables us to make this kind of judgement.

If this waiting patiently, praying and thinking, is an example of the 'massive integrity' of the Victorians, then so much the

better for the Victorians. Certainly it has nothing to do with the behaviour of Sibthorp, who was proud that he was not a Tractarian, and, incidentally, is surely a warning against premature conversions. Sibthorp's life did have its amusing side, but it is as difficult to understand how it can be thought to resemble Newman's as it is to appreciate the motive behind introducing his name at all.

* * *

We come next to Newman at Oxford and his relations to his family. He was, so the story seems to run, very much the poor boy on the way up, shy and awkward, and, to make matters worse, had a bankrupt for a father. This description is best pin-pointed by saying that even his table manners were wanting, as is shown by the famous story of the sweetbreads. This is such a convincing and telling point in the argument for those who see Newman as a fish out of water at Oxford that it is worth while to look at it for a moment.

In the first place it must be remembered that until Newman went to Oxford his family were in comfortable circumstances, and, even if sweetbreads were not daily fare, it is improbable that six years at Trinity would not have taught him table manners—on the unlikely hypothesis that a banker's son would need such a training. No, the point of the original story was not concerned with Newman, but with the Provost; not the 'terrible Dr Hawkins' as Dr Hawkins tells us, but his predecessor, Copleston, who made a habit of tormenting his probationers—the fact that Newman was the object of this particular jibe is only accidental. No one denies that Newman was shy, and it probably seemed better to get rid of the wretched sweetbreads anyway than to risk calling attention to himself by asking for the butler. It was bad luck, not bad manners, which called forth the famous rebuke.

Newman was reserved and shy, but, like many shy people, he was the best of company when he felt more at home. 'He shed cheerfulness as a sunbeam sheds light', it was said of him in later life, and this seems to have been part of his attraction for his friends from the beginning. There is surely a world of difference between being 'the life and soul of the party' and the almost pathological sensitivity with which we are sometimes presented as a description of his character. Furthermore, nearly all the things people say in this regard about Newman are taken from his own

writings, and a good man's estimate of himself is not likely to be lenient. It is quite fantastic to say that Newman could not enjoy ordinary human relationships.

It is true that it cannot have been agreeable for Newman to have a bankrupt for a father—but then who could possibly be pleased by such a situation? To call the loss of money and position a 'solecism' is an odd way to describe misfortune. The test is surely Newman's own reaction to it all. Some time after his father died he brought his mother and sisters to live at Iffley, which shows clearly enough he was not ashamed of his family; and of his father's misfortunes he wrote in later years, 'For his sake who loved and wearied himself for us all with such unrequited affection, I wish all this forgotten.' There is surely nothing here which is strange or dishonourable, or shows that Newman either acted towards, or thought about, his family in anything but an irreproachable way.

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There is, finally, the question of the many 'slights' which Newman received during his Catholic life; and his reaction towards them. The passage from Abbot Butler that we have quoted above shows that 'slight' is hardly the appropriate word. Newman's long list of disappointments, and the attitude of those who held power in England, was enough to break most men. This has often been dealt with, but there are two points which are sometimes overlooked. In nearly every case he was asked by authority to undertake the difficult tasks; and, when he was either forbidden to go on, or such obstacles put in his way that he could not continue, he submitted with an obedience which many consider to have been heroic.

It is quite true that in his journals, or letters, he said what he thought about the actions of those who made things so difficult for him, but in this he was in the company of many of the saints, and the language of St Bernard and St Theresa about those who stood in their way leaves Newman's looking mild by comparison. If Newman had ceased to think, had ceased to care and had allowed his mind to be dominated by his will, the result would not have been obedience but the abnegation of responsibility. 'Not rebellion only is the enemy,' Archbishop Roberts reminds us, 'but, more subtly, servility in the subject. . . .'

The point we tend now to forget is that the differences between Newman and Manning was not a struggle between equals in ecclesiastical authority. Looking back, we see two Cardinals, the one retiring and literary, the other a brilliant organizer and crusader, and we forget that for most of the time one was a Cardinal powerful at Rome and omnipotent in England who did his best to crush and silence, by any means he could use and at every opportunity he could find, a priest who had no ecclesiastical power whatsoever. Manning may have thought, as Ward said, that Newman exercised a powerful influence in favour of disloyalty to the Pope, and for worldliness. His motives in trying to put Newman on the shelf and keep him there may have been of the highest. But it shows an odd historical sense to ask us to spare some sympathy for Manning, who realized that he was not up to arguing with Newman. Manning had no intention of arguing. It was something much more fundamental that he tried to do.

Newman in all this was not standing for some sort of peculiar and idiosyncratic position, but for principles, for the most part now universally accepted, which he believed the theories and behaviour of Manning put into jeopardy. Abbot Butler says of this that 'the "variance" between Manning and Newman is apt to be treated as a personal affair between two men; but in reality it was much more: it was the symptom of a conflict of ideas working itself out in different ways and measures throughout the Catholic body of the whole world'.

The two points instanced to show Newman's cutting tongue are not happily chosen. Talbot's invitation to preach in Rome may look well enough on the surface, but when we remember that he had called Newman the most dangerous man in England and had not hesitated to throw doubts on his orthodoxy, and that the invitation was contained in a patronizing letter, it is hardly surprising Newman thought it safer to remain with his own people than to appear before Mgr Talbot's 'more educated audience of Protestants than could ever be the case in England'.

The suggestion that Pius IX could hardly have been grateful for Newman's remark about 'the aggressive and insolent faction' is even less to the point. The remark was made in a letter, not about the Pope, but about some of the extreme ultramontanists who did not scruple to call even such men as Ullathorne Gallican, and to throw doubts on the orthodoxy of all who disagreed with them. It should be remembered that even the Pope, who can

hardly be said to have been indifferent to the outcome of the Vatican Council, was upset by some of Manning's managerial work behind the scenes, and that Newman was thanked by a number of Bishops, including at least three of the English Hierarchy, for the letter which contained the remark.

It is difficult to see, to end on a more positive note, how the sensitive, querulous, and somewhat orchidaceous recluse of Birmingham could ever have exercised the influence over men and events which in fact he did. Would we be quite so free with the 'poor Newman' if he were still alive and we were in the position of, say, Charles Kingsley? I doubt it. Lord Coleridge, who was Chief Justice of England and must have known about men, as he certainly knew Newman, wrote in 1882:

I cannot analyse it or explain it, but to this hour he interests and awes me like no other man I ever saw. He is simple and humble and playful as a child, and, yet, I am with a being unlike anyone else. He lifts me up for the time, and subdues me—if I said frightens me it would be hardly too strong. . . .

Lord Coleridge evidently found himself in the presence of greatness, and was not ashamed to admit it; surely he has a lesson to teach us, with our interest in psychological and sociological attempts to explain character.

But let Leo XIII who, Canon Hawkins allows, 'probably, was nearer to an all-round view' of nineteenth-century Catholicism than anyone else—let this great Pope have the last word: 'I had determined to honour the Church in honouring Newman. I always had a cult of him. I am proud I was allowed to honour such a man.'

CAUSES OF CRIME

Lord Pakenham's Enquiry

By SARAH F. McCABE¹

THERE is scarcely anything in the world about which we know so little as we know about causes of crime. The frontiers of natural science have been advanced far beyond ordinary vision, but in the sciences of politics and of behaviour we stand now where we did two thousand years ago. This is not to say that there have not been many prophets of one political and philosophical belief or another who claim to have found the definitive answer to the problems of political morality. The long list of political thinkers from Aristotle to Lenin gives proof of the optimism of those who would reform the world of government. But in the science of behaviour there seems to be less certainty, less of the arrogant belief that human nature could be freed from evil by a mere nostrum. To this healthy and invigorating doubt Lord Pakenham has added his scruple by the insistent questioning of his review of the causes of crime.²

The occasion of such a review, which, in the generality of its subject and of its treatment, is so startlingly in contrast to recent criminological studies from other sources, perhaps explains its nature.

In 1951 the general crime rate in England and Wales was extraordinarily high. Children, young persons and adults all contributed to make that year memorable in the statistics of criminal behaviour. The Nuffield Foundation, therefore, offered to finance a project designed to ascertain the current opinions on the causes of crime, to assess their validity and, if possible, to reach some conclusions on the principal causes of criminality and delinquency today. Lord Pakenham was asked to direct this experiment, with the help of four expert assessors. A great deal of evidence was heard, and opinions were canvassed from all sorts of responsible people. Unfortunately, however, when Lord Pakenham had to

¹ The writer is Research Assistant in Criminology in the University of Oxford.

² *Causes of Crime*. By Lord Pakenham. Wiedenfeld and Nicholson. 21s.

take up a new appointment the project was discontinued after scarcely more than a year's work. Now, at last, a brief summary of the work done has been published in the shape of the comments of Lord Pakenham himself on the evidence put before him. This is a popular book, by a layman for laymen, and it has both the virtues and the faults of such a derivation.

It is unquestionably true that slick explanations of criminality like 'faulty home discipline', 'declining moral standards' and so on have enjoyed too ready an acceptance and too great a currency. Lord Pakenham is right to maintain that, in fact, we know nothing at all. Such humility is the beginning of knowledge, and we should be grateful for this public use of the Socratic method to encourage the search for real truth. It is, however, at this point that the dangers of so slight a survey become apparent, for honest doubt must stop short of nihilism if any good purpose is to be served by criticisms of the existing state of knowledge.

It is true, too, that the criminal statistics for England and Wales leave something to be desired. Differences in the police practice in crime recording, the changing attitudes of the general public and the police to certain types of offence, and even the adequacy of local police forces to meet the needs of crime prevention, are all factors which operate to produce figures for crimes known to the police which almost certainly do not reflect the true criminal situation. Moreover, as Lord Pakenham very strongly asserts, it is not possible to say whether crime is increasing or decreasing because no reliance can be placed on pre-war figures. That, too, is true. Yet we must not discard too lightly a tool which is of considerable value in finding out what kinds of crime are committed by offenders actually found guilty by the courts, how often and by what age-groups in the population. Some knowledge of the trends in criminality can also be obtained by studying the last few years of the criminal statistics and making the hopeful assumption that differences in the attitude of the police and the general public were not so great in the last few years that evidence from this source cannot be trusted.

Let us take one small example which shows the comparative criminality of three age-groups in two years when the crime rate was known to be unusually high. The figures¹ given are for in-

¹ The figures here used have been compiled from the official Criminal Statistics for England and Wales and from the unpublished Supplementary Statistics available from the Home Office.

dictable offences only which are generally taken to be a reasonable index of serious crime. In 1951 the crime rate for juveniles between eight and sixteen years of age was 9.2 per 1000 juveniles of that age-group. In 1956 it was 6.6 per 1000. Rates for breaking and entering in this age-group went down from 2.3 to 1.6 per 1000. Crimes of violence have, however, increased both proportionately and in actual numbers. There were 349 such offences committed by juveniles in 1951 and 608 in 1956. The same pattern is repeated in the case of older offenders. In 1951 2.3 per 1000 adults of twenty-one years and over were found guilty of indictable offences as against 1.9 in 1956, but offences of violence increased from 3086 to 4123. In these two age-groups there is cause for alarm in the increases in offences of violence but the general rate of criminality went down. (There is reason to believe that the figures for 1957 will not show a continuation of the decline in ordinary indictable offences.) The picture of adolescent criminality is different. Among young people between the ages of seventeen and twenty the crime rate rose from 6.5 per 1000 in 1951 to 7.0 per 1000 in 1956. The number of offences of violence committed by this age group was 492 in 1951 and 1248 in 1956. Consideration of figures like these makes necessary a review of preventive and treatment measures for young people in the age-group seventeen to twenty. Some additional research must also be undertaken into the increase in crimes of violence in all age-groups. The criminal statistics in their present state have such practical values and we would be ungracious indeed if we did not acknowledge the help they give to all sorts of interested people from justices to research workers.

In another particular also the statistics of offenders found guilty before the courts can be extremely helpful. It is important to discover, for any group of offenders, how many have been found guilty before, for the final test of the success of our penal and preventive measures is the rate of recidivism of offenders subjected to them. Let us consider again the years 1951 and 1956. We find that the grave picture of adolescent crime is thrown up in even darker colours. Not only did the number and proportion of offenders of this age-group increase but the number and proportion of those who had been found guilty before showed a startling rise, far greater than for any other age-group. The percentage of adolescent recidivists was twenty-eight in 1951 and thirty-eight in 1956.

We are at this point drawing near to the crux of the matter in the study of crime, its causes and its prevention, and it is here that the criminal statistics, limited as they yet are, can give greatest assistance to the social reformer and the lawgiver. For the study of recidivism is essential to the proper understanding of crime and its prevention, and the beginnings of full statistics of recidivism have now been laid. Here the words 'crime' and 'prevention' are used deliberately with their full and proper meaning, and it is to the true content of this meaning that we must now address our thought.

In the year 1956, 20,878 children under fourteen years of age were found guilty before criminal courts of offences serious enough in the eyes of the law to merit trial by indictment. Of these 20,878 children, 17,554 had never been found guilty of an indictable offence before, and it is thought very probable, though it cannot be proved for certain, that about 15,000 of the original number of offenders would never offend again. Out of the 20,878 children we have been discussing, 10,888 committed simple and minor larcenies or larcenies from shops and stalls. It is probable, judging from the age of the offenders, that a great number of these larcenies would be very minor indeed, bottles of lemonade from a kiosk or standing lorry, a cake filched from a baker's shop, or other similar objects seen, desired and taken. Such offences as these should be dealt with in the same way as lies, bullying and misdemeanours that occur with greater or less regularity in homes and schools up and down the country. The lies and bullying, if discovered, are dealt with summarily by parents and teachers. Minor larcenies could and should be dealt with in the same way. That they are criminal offences rather than moral lapses is the regrettable result of the protection of property legislation that we have inherited from the nineteenth century, when property owners were desperately afraid of the new, ill-disciplined industrial populations that were crowding into the towns. The Act of 1861 which did something to consolidate and modify the fierce legislation of the previous sixty years and the Larceny Act of 1916 have not attempted to recognize the difference between deliberate and premeditated stealing and the almost universal denial of the rights of property owners by very small boys and girls.

We need a re-definition of crime, a definition which would take into account the seriousness of the offence, the age of the offender and the number of times this offence or any other

similarly serious offence had been committed by him. Such a new attitude to crime and criminal offences would render unnecessary a great deal of anguished investigation into the actiology of juvenile delinquency. We would discover that about 75 per cent of juvenile delinquency did not exist. In its place would be a considerable amount of childish indiscipline and waywardness and a proportion of other cases where the seriousness of the offence and its repetition was sufficient evidence of the *mens rea* that is necessary for the establishment of true guilt. It is true that many parents would require some help in their attempts to control wayward and irresponsible children. This could surely be done by Family Courts rather than Juvenile Courts as at present constituted, since these are essentially criminal courts, with all the power of the criminal law behind them.

Crime in all age-groups, except the very youngest, would still remain, but if we are to be alarmed about the extent of this criminality, let us be quite sure what we should be alarmed about—the offences of violence, the more grievous offences against property, sexual offences, all crimes committed by persistent offenders and so on. We should not then waste time and energy enquiring into the causes of crime as at present defined because we would be looking for causes of things too diverse to be grouped together. Let us rather turn our attention to the study of the first offender who commits a serious offence against life or property, and to the persistent offender whose offences may be more trivial but are repeated.

Since, in the new view of criminality which is advocated here, one of the criteria by which an offence would become a crime would be its repetition, it would be very important to discover what offenders did not respond to penal or corrective measures, and what measures best secured that individual prevention which is their proper end. The effect of treatment methods must be studied with as much intensity as we study the background and personal history of the offender himself. Each study should be limited but intense, covering a small area of the criminal or treatment field and related always to the effectiveness of our present methods of crime prevention. In this context 'crime prevention' is probably an inaccurate term, for we have no means of knowing whether we can prevent or have prevented offences that never take place. Treatment should prevent *renewed* crime and any evaluation of its efficacy should be based on studies of recidivism,

of those who had failed to respond to the estimated effect of present treatment methods.

The organization of the vast new research projects which are needed if we are to follow up these new concepts of crime and its prevention is the challenge to criminology today. Prediction studies, the study of sentencing policy, possibly clinical trials of different methods applied to the same type of offenders, the careful follow-up studies of individual cases from their first appearance before the court, through remand, examination, sentence and treatment, all these methods of investigation must be tried if we are to reduce by one iota the ignorance which Lord Pakenham has so vigorously exposed.

In this re-examination of the content of criminological knowledge, no one would dream of detracting from the great work of Sir Cyril Burt and other pioneers in criminal studies. They sailed in uncharted seas and, amid clouds of misapprehension, established that fundamental piece of knowledge to which we must always cling, that delinquency and criminality are not the result of any single cause, but of many, and that all the characteristics of a delinquent or a criminal could, and did, exist in those who never became delinquent or criminal at all.

It is to Lord Pakenham's credit, too, that he did not stoop to make easy generalizations, and his very honest doubts may stimulate thought and provoke action. The vagueness of his terms of reference might even persuade others to direct their studies more closely to a limited and clearly defined end.¹

¹ True though it is that we know nothing about the causes of crime, our criminological literature is not so meagre as the supplement to this book, written by Mr Roger Opie, would have us imagine. One of the most important books published during recent years (*The Habitual Criminal*, by Professor Norval Morris, one of the ablest criminologists of today) was but scurvily treated by being compared with a slight and unscientific study of certain classes of prisoners in Wakefield prison. No bibliography of criminological literature is complete without full reference to Mannheim and Wilkins' revolutionary study of prediction methods in relation to Borstal Training. Mr Opie does not even mention it.

A LETTER FROM TOKYO

TOKYO has now put in its claim as the biggest city in the world, and anybody foolhardy or ignorant enough to attempt to travel by public transport during the city rush hour would never dream of disputing it. Despite the great number of buses, trams and electric trains both above and below the ground, the Tokyo rush hour has to be experienced to be fully appreciated. Those who live to tell the tale are made aware of this country's population problem in a very concrete way and do not need to be shown statistics and graphs to realize that the population is still increasing by about a million every year, despite the horrifyingly high number of legal abortions. Cynics have pointed out that the taxi drivers of the city are also contributing notably to the solution of the population problem. Just who dubbed the taxi confraternity *kamikaze*, nobody quite remembers; at any rate, nobody with any experience would deny the aptness of the term, which can be translated as 'Divine Wind' and was used to describe the tactics of the Japanese suicide pilots of the Pacific War. Everywhere in Tokyo is hustle and bustle, clamour and noise, although the recent anti-hooter campaign, much to everybody's surprise and gratification, was remarkably successful. Perhaps one of the best methods of getting a glimpse of the city is to board a tram that will trundle you from one end of Tokyo to the other for the modest fee of 2d. Even if you carefully choose a slack time of day, the chances of your getting a seat are extremely remote, but the average Tokyoite accepts this with true Oriental resignation. Indeed, in some of the older British-built trams a notice stolidly informs the general public that the vehicle offers accommodation for eighty-eight passengers—twenty-two sitting and sixty-six standing. However, whether you are one of the lucky twenty-two or not, the tram will show you the real Tokyo far better and realistically than the fleets of luxurious sightseeing buses that glide from one famous monument to another. Certainly Tokyo is remarkably difficult to view in one glimpse, not so much because of its sprawling size but because of its intricate complexity. It is only too easy for the superficial tourist, laden down with camera, guide-book and a trunkful of souvenirs, to conclude that Tokyo is completely Westernized and that's that. To support his theory, he would only have to point out the host of splendid hotels, air-conditioned theatres and cinemas, enormous blocks of offices and luxurious department stores; to clinch the matter, he would refer you to the television tower which, when completed later this year, will be higher than the Eiffel Tower (a fact, we are told, that has produced considerable dismay in Paris).

But a closer look at the city will show perhaps that Mr Kipling knew what he was talking about when he spoke about East and West not meeting. In fact, the so-called Westernization of Tokyo (and for that matter, the whole of Japan) is a largely superficial layer, somewhat similar to the icing of an over-rich birthday cake. Hundreds of years of tradition and custom are not swept away overnight, no matter how much Coca-Cola and Rock-'n'-Roll are imported. This does not mean to say, of course, that Western influence has not had a tremendous impact on Japan, especially since the war, but one or two visits to private homes and an earnest talk with an intelligent Japanese (preferably in his own language) will soon reveal that the Japanese are still very much a people of the East and as such still much of an enigma to the average European. One does not have to investigate too thoroughly before realizing the incongruity of this mixture (and not blending) of East and West in Tokyo. Thus we have here in the capital more than a dozen palatial department stores, comparable to anything Europe can offer, and yet at the same time, on the admission of Mr Kishi, the Prime Minister, Japan has the worst road system in the whole of Asia. We will soon have here the highest television tower in the world (at least, we thought so, but then somebody found out that there is a higher one in Texas and by that time it was too late to alter the plans) and at the same time an unbelievably primitive sewerage system. Air-conditioned hotels offer superb comfort to the weary traveller and at the same time the authorities threaten to ration water to two hours' supply a day because of the insufficient number of reservoirs supplying the city. Your tram will take you past some of the largest blocks of office buildings in the world, and then five minutes later will drop you close to frightful slums, a sight a tourist rarely sees.

Perhaps of all the poor in Japan the plight of the rag-pickers calls for most sympathy. Leading a hand-to-mouth existence, they plod around the city in their rags, poking in dustbins in the hope of finding something salvageable. The lot of these poor people stirred the conscience of the whole nation recently as a result of the publicity accorded to the premature death, brought on by overwork and undernourishment, of a young Catholic girl who had abandoned her comfortable home to devote herself to the cause of these social outcasts. Her death attracted much attention in the national Press, and a play based on her life and work is at present running in Tokyo. The untiring and generally unpublicized work of the Church among the poor came in for a good deal of favourable comment; perhaps it is the apostolate most admired by the people of Japan.

But such episodes, which for a brief while arouse public interest and sympathy, are only too soon forgotten—there are so many other things to attract one's attention here in the capital. Tokyo is rapidly setting itself up as the Rome of the East—not in the religious sense (would

that it were!) but as a cosmopolitan centre which attracts innumerable congresses, world assemblies, international gatherings and conventions, so popular in this age of air travel. The amazing thing is that public enthusiasm for such gatherings does not seem to wane one bit—in fact, it seems to increase with the much-heralded opening of every new congress. An example of this was the celebrated P.E.N. Congress held in Tokyo last autumn with so much pomp and circumstance. In all charity, one cannot help thinking that such a congress in Rome or London would hardly have reached the back page of any newspaper. But perhaps Tokyo feels that it has yet to establish firmly its reputation as a congress city; at any rate, it went about the business of welcoming the delegates with such a grim thoroughness that most of the visitors were bowled over—quite literally in the case of Mr John Steinbeck, who hastily retired to his sick bed, muttering, 'Hospitality is the most charming form of torture yet devised.' Where else but in Tokyo would newspapers print special editions giving detailed reports of the proceedings of the congress? Where else would the delegates be mobbed by autograph hunters? Where else indeed?

This year as well Tokyo has continued to give itself a cosmopolitan air, and one might mention in this connexion the exhibition on classical Rome and the Bolshoi Circus, both of which were highly successful ventures. It may seem somewhat frivolous to mention these two events in the same breath, but it does tend to bring home to one the fact that Tokyo, once an outpost in the mysterious East, is a mere day's flight from Europe, and that two such disparate events as a circus and a classical exhibition from Europe can now be staged with comparative ease. The Rome exhibition was an extremely well-produced and representative show; one's only complaint could be that it was staged in rather cramped quarters. But, on second thoughts, the accommodation was adequate enough—the impression of crowding was given by the large number of visitors who flocked to admire the statues and the extraordinarily large composite photos of the glory of Rome. That is the trouble with Tokyo—you could put a similar exhibition of just three statues in a place the size of the Albert Hall, but there would still be overcrowding produced by the masses of people who would dutifully troop in to drink their fill of Western culture. Poor Tokyo, one cannot help feeling that the capital was caught rather on the hop by the inauguration this year of the Osaka International Festival of Music, Drama and Art. It is true that Osaka, like Edinburgh, can boast of an ancient and picturesque castle to give the festival an historical setting, but, when all is said and done, Tokyo would probably have been a more convenient site. At any rate, the festival got off to a fine start with splendid performances by the Leningrad Symphony Orchestra (which was nicely balanced, both artistically and politically, by the New York City Ballet), Moisewitch and Gaspar Cassado, and it would

seem that the festival has come to stay. A few weeks afterwards, Tokyo rallied and evened the score in this cosmopolitan conscious country by outdoing itself in the celebration of the Third Asian Games; apart from a few unfortunate slips (such as the issuing of 100,000 tickets for a stadium with a capacity of only 45,000), the games went off smoothly and considerably increased Japan's chances of staging the Olympics in 1964.

One thing that certainly accentuates the cosmopolitan atmosphere of Tokyo is the fact that no less than four English-language newspapers are published daily for the benefit of the large foreign community. The journalistic standard of these papers varies considerably, and too much space is given over to the syndicated articles of the seemingly omniscient American columnists instead of giving the Japanese point of view. Because these papers are read by a large variety of foreign residents, the foreign news coverage is accordingly wide—something which cannot be said about the mammoth Japanese Press. But however good or bad they may be, the English papers are a godsend to the majority of non-Japanese residents, for whom the Japanese newspaper are indecipherable as the Dead Sea scrolls. Various learned bodies have earnestly discussed the simplification of written Japanese, but one gets the impression that they are supporting a lost cause, as hopeless as the movement to reform English spelling. The Japanese language, in addition to its thousands of Chinese ideographs, has a perfectly good syllabic alphabet—in fact, it has two—but tradition dies hard. It is true that Peiking recently imposed the use of a simplified alphabet, but nothing short of a totalitarian Government could bring about such a sweeping reform here, and so one must conclude that Japanese newspapers are going to remain incomprehensible for the average foreigner for a long time to come. This is undoubtedly a great pity as the language barrier proves a great hindrance to the interchange of ideas between Japan and the outside world and heaven knows there is no nation on earth more eager to establish contacts with other countries as is Japan.

This is especially true of the younger generation; one hears a great deal these days about the 'lost generation' of this and that country, but certainly the plight of the young Japanese can scarcely have any parallel. Older people who were educated in the strict traditional way before the war, with a well-defined sense of responsibility and duty, have at least some principles to fall back on, even if the war and Japan's subsequent defeat turned their world upside down. But the generation now in the nation's multitude of universities has no such scale of values and for all the goodwill in the world lacks a guiding principle which would put some order and purpose into life. The quasi-religious attitude towards the Emperor has been replaced by the mixed blessings of democracy, but not even its most fervent champion would assert that democracy, for all its merits, can take the place of a religion.

That many Japanese are searching for something to give their lives a religious foundation is proved by the large number of new religions which have sprung up in recent times. As both Buddhism and Shintoism have failed to accommodate themselves to the needs of the modern man, many Japanese of the working classes have been obliged to look elsewhere to satisfy their spiritual needs. *Tenrikyo*—the Religion of Divine Wisdom—is an example that first comes to mind, although, as it was founded almost a hundred years ago, it cannot be classified as a new religion in the accustomed sense of the word. It claims to have a following of two and a half million (although it is reported that there is a large turnover every year of people entering and leaving the sect) and anyone who has visited the headquarters near the ancient city of Nara cannot fail to be impressed by the faith and fervour—albeit somewhat fanatical—of the thousands upon thousands who flock to the holy spot. Like most other recently founded religions of Japan, the doctrine of *Tenrikyo* is a hotpotch of Buddhism, Shintoism, Christianity and a certain amount of patriotism; stir the ingredients well and the result can hardly fail to attract adherents. To show what lengths these new religions can go to, one might mention in passing another religion called *Denshinkyo*, whose adherents worshipped electricity as a god; Mr Edison also figured prominently in its pantheon of lesser deities.

In view of this popularity of these new religions, it may be wondered whether the Church in this country is also exerting the same appeal to the ordinary Japanese. The answer is unfortunately in the negative; some twelve or fifteen thousand people enter the Church every year, but, compared with the annual increase in population of a million, this number is hardly significant. One should not, of course, measure the progress of the Church in terms of mere numbers, but all the same the number of Japanese Catholics will have to increase substantially before the Church can exert any appreciable influence on the life of the nation. One suspects that, apart from the Church's strict moral teaching, the chief deterrent which many Japanese immediately sense is the foreign element in Christianity. Although the hierarchy is completely Japanese, the clergy is still predominantly composed of missionaries from abroad, and this state of affairs is bound to continue for many years to come. Apart from the question of whether we should build Gothic churches or not in the missions or whether a freer use of the vernacular in religious services should be encouraged, a more fundamental aspect of the problem surely lies in the Western pattern of thought so prominent in Christianity. The Faith, of course, is universal, and as such is the spiritual heritage of both the East and the West. But after all it was in the West that Christian teaching was first synthesized and formulated by the Fathers, and the stamp of Western thought and logical reasoning is invariably perceived by any thinking Japanese. 'You Christians use your head too much; why don't you listen to your

heart?' remarked a venerable old Zen monk to the writer some months ago. Perhaps in these words he shrewdly summed up the reason why the Church has so far failed to make any widespread appeal to the masses of the East. What is needed perhaps is a group of brilliant scholars who would be willing to dedicate their whole lives to interpreting the Faith from a thoroughly Oriental point of view; just as the Fathers, starting from the fundamental deposit of Faith, wedded Christian belief to the traditional thought and philosophy of the ancient world, so also their twentieth-century counterparts would have the task of casting the essence of Christianity in a mould more acceptable to Eastern psychology. Buddhism, it should be remembered, is not indigenous to Japan, yet managed to identify itself perfectly with the Japanese mentality—although admittedly making doctrinal concessions, which the Church could never do. Without making any compromise to truth or dogma, Christianity must do likewise if it is not to remain for ever a foreign guest in Japan, politely welcome but never one of the family.

M. J. C.

*(The next issue of THE DUBLIN REVIEW
will contain a Letter from Washington)*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SAINT

By VERNON JOHNSON

THROUGH his Englishing of the Bible the name of Mgr Ronald Knox will be remembered, if not for all time, at least for many generations to come: now once again he has put us immeasurably in his debt through Englishing Ste Thérèse. When faced with this task, he made it his object to penetrate right within the personality of Ste Thérèse so that he might interpret both 'her and her message to the world' in simple English prose acceptable to the English reader. How well he has succeeded is seen by the reception the book has already received. In many quarters it has been claimed as a spiritual classic. At last we have Ste Thérèse entirely emancipated from the limitations and conventions of the period in which her autobiography was written. The whole thing is brilliantly and superbly done.

To fulfil his task, Mgr Ronald Knox had, in his own words, to get

'within the skin' of a young female French religious who at the outset of life was highly intelligent yet extremely simple, obstinate yet most responsive to affection, with flashes of vanity and pride yet generous and unselfish to a degree, with moments of moodiness yet constantly gay and full of humour, of great daring and initiative; possessed, in fact, in a high degree of all the normal faults and virtues of a normal child, possessing along with this an extremely highly strung and very powerful personality.

His delightful and very free rendering of the French brings out how, from the very start, these faults and virtues were matured, directed and held in their proper place by a quite unique supernatural grace, so that she moves steadily, through many struggles and many ups and downs, along the path of what was to prove to be one of the most outstanding vocations in the history of the Church, till finally we see her as the mature religious, the entirely integrated personality—the Catholic saint.

First a word about the translation itself. There is a charm and vitality about it which carries us along irresistibly from beginning to end. Many things contribute to this. First, it was surely a stroke of genius which conceived the dividing up of the text into forty chapters averaging eight pages each, so apt for an age which is essentially hurried and in which concentration for any length of time is extremely rare. The curtain to each of these chapters is admirably chosen, so that we find ourselves most reluctant to put the book down, so eager are we for the next scene to open. Again, each chapter has a well-chosen heading marking for us the progress of the story, so that if we wish to look back we can find the passage that we want with the greatest ease.

The story is told in pure English prose of the simplest character, full of English phrases and English idioms such as the schoolgirls to whom he was Chaplain must so often have used in his hearing. For example, when Thérèse was too young to go to Mass, Celine returned without any *pain bénit*. Thérèse goes for her: 'If you haven't brought any blessed bread, you'll jolly well have to bless some'. Or again, when speaking of the Carmelite vocation to pray for priests: 'What a wonderful vocation it is to aim (as we Carmelites do) at preserving the tang of the salt which is going to preserve men's souls'. Perhaps the most striking instance of this is at the close of the chapter, 'Obscuration of Thérèse's faith'. Incidentally, what a perfect title! Had it been 'The Dark Night of the Soul' we should have skipped it as being only for those with great mystical gifts, but 'obscuration of faith' is something we all can understand. Here, after describing with perfect simplicity the most profound spiritual desolation and the most supreme abandonment, the chapter ends with the sentence: 'The only thing I want *badly* now is to go on loving till I die of love'. The key word is '*badly*'; without it the sentence would sound exotic and far beyond us; put the

word in and just when she seems to be going to elude us we find she comes back to us and we say: 'My goodness, how human!'

From all this, it is obvious that this is not a literal translation. No true translation can ever be such, for a mere word-for-word rendering would not convey the spirit of the original. And, because, in this translation, nineteenth-century French is transposed into twentieth-century English, there will always be those who criticize the rendering of this or that passage. For instance, we may think Mgr Knox has not exactly caught the 'feel' of Thérèse's account of the episode on the return journey from Rome when she got as far as the Cloister of a Carmel they visited, and a 'dear old Carmelite' told her to 'clear out'. 'But was I going to? No. I came up closer. . . .' This is more spirited than the literal French, yet it seems entirely in keeping with what Ste Thérèse herself refers to as her 'audacity'. On the other hand, it seems a pity that on page 63, in the already well-known account of her childish set-to with Victoire, he should translate, 'Je frappais du pied de toutes mes forces', as, 'I kicked her . . . as hard as I could'. Canon Taylor, translating the same phrase as 'stamping furiously', seems to be not only more accurate, in wording, but to give also a more accurate picture of Thérèse.

But any translator is of necessity an editor. It is the brilliant Ronnie who has divided up the text so aptly into forty chapters and selected such admirable chapter headings as 'Obscuration of Thérèse's Faith' and 'Towards the Heart of Charity'. He has done for the English public what Mother Agnes endeavoured to do for the Catholic public of her time and under vastly more difficult circumstances.

Mother Agnes has been severely criticized for cutting out as much as she did, and for introducing her personality so much into the changes that, at Thérèse's request, she made. Seven thousand changes sounds grave indeed; it is good propaganda, but gives a completely wrong impression. Of the thirty-five pages of cuts given in the introduction to the French edition, twenty-two pages come from the first manuscript, which deals almost entirely with her childhood and her girlhood's days and was written solely for her own sisters: its details would have held no interest for the general public. Further, as Fr François says in the introduction:

In a period when so much importance was attached to perfect correctness of style and scrupulous respect for literary conventions to publish the rough notes of a young and unknown nun would have meant making oneself ridiculous as well as betraying the author. (P. 25, Introduction.)

He is perfectly right in saying that the changes Mother Agnes made have in no way 'prevented souls from really meeting Thérèse or understanding her message'. (P. 25, Introduction.) This was the considered opinion of Mgr Ronald Knox himself:

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The more I read of the original manuscript, the more I feel you are right about there being no essential difference between the old *Récit d'Une Ame* and the new. . . . I think that nearly all of Soeur Agnes' editing was designed to make things read more effortlessly and more continuously: the critics in fact have found a mare's nest. (*Letter to Mgr Vernon Johnson, 6 November 1956*).

Further, it seems somewhat unreasonable to apply, as some have recently done, the standards of modern scientific criticism to an enclosed religious conditioned by the age in which she lived fifty years ago.

We owe a great debt of gratitude to Mother Agnes; if it had not been for her tact and extraordinary courage, the manuscript might easily have been destroyed. That she feared the worst is seen in the following note she sent to Thérèse in May 1897:

I will not allow myself to be distressed if our Mother refuses her permission, our Lady has made me understand that all the most beautiful lives of the saints are of no value compared with an act of obedience and sacrifice even though our Mother after your death should tear up your little life it would only draw me closer to God. (*Introduction to French edition, p. 47.*)

But for Mother Agnes, the modern critics might have no manuscript to criticize at all.

Ste Thérèse has been called by Pope Pius XI 'The child loved by all the world'. Pope Benedict XV has made an even more striking statement: 'She has received a mission to teach priests to love Jesus Christ'. In this second statement we have the key to the first. She is loved by all the world because she has found a way of teaching us all to love our Lord. A non-Catholic friend of the writer of this article, on returning the Autobiography, made the remark: 'I should not have thought it possible for anyone to love our Lord like that'. The immense value of Mgr Knox's translation is that it shows the development of this strong yet delicate love without any sentimentality or exaggeration. Though we see her moving to heights to which we ourselves could never attain, she remains always well within our orbit, making us realize that, however different in degree she is, she is still one of us, and is an inspiration and guide we all can follow.

Clearly interwoven with all the normal faults and failings of a very human child, this sense of our Lord's love for her and her desire to love Him in return is clearly seen from the very first. When only eleven years old, in describing her first Communion, she says, 'I knew that I was loved, and I in my turn told Him that I loved Him and was giving myself to Him for all eternity'. (P. 105.) Where can she thus give herself

to Him? Only one place will satisfy her—CARMEL—because Carmel to her was the place of the most complete giving. With her audacious and intrepid character, just as she clambered down the dangerous ruins of the Coliseum to stand where the martyrs had shed their blood, so will she plead her cause to the very Holy Father himself.

On Ste Thérèse's entry into Carmel, this love develops rapidly in depth and delicacy. On the day of her profession she carried next her heart a little note on which was written:

Jesus, may I look for nothing and find nothing but you and you only; may creatures mean nothing to me nor I to them—you, Jesus, are to be everything to me. . . . I ask of you love, love that is as infinite as you are, love that has no eyes for myself but for you, Jesus, only for you. . . . Pardon me Jesus if I'm saying more than I've any right to: I'm thinking only of your pleasure, of your content (p. 202).

When she wrote this she was still sixteen.

How is she to satisfy this longing and thus become the saint she so desired to be? Longing for sanctity, and feeling her insignificance, she writes:

I've got to take myself just as I am with all my imperfections: but somehow I shall have to find a little way, all of my own, which will be a direct short cut to heaven. . . . Can't I find a lift which will take me to Jesus since I'm not big enough to climb the steep stairway of perfection: so I looked in the Bible for some hints about the life I wanted and I came across the passage where Eternal Wisdom says: 'Is anyone simple as a little child? Then let him come to me.' . . . Never were words so touching: never was such music to rejoice the heart. I could after all be lifted up to heaven in the arms of Jesus. And if that was to happen there was no need for me to grow bigger: on the contrary I must be as small as ever, smaller than ever (pp. 248-9).

On that day in Ste Thérèse's cell, there came into being 'The Little Way of Spiritual Childhood', the way of loving confidence in and total surrender to the merciful love of God. The little way which, proposed by no less than four Popes to the faithful for their imitation, has been the strength and consolation of so many, and which in its simplicity, stripping spirituality of all secondaries, is so particularly suited to the age in which we live. This is the message Ste Thérèse was raised up by Almighty God to teach the world.

As with all the ways of sanctity, this way of childlike confidence in the merciful love of God must be the way of the Cross, and therefore must be perfected through suffering. In Ste Thérèse's case, it was the way of great physical pain and profound spiritual desolation.

Her first haemorrhage came upon her in her cell in the darkness and loneliness of the night. She had just laid down to sleep. 'I wasn't sure what it was,' she writes; 'surely I must be spitting blood'. Her lamp was out, so she turns over and sleeps on. On awaking, 'as soon as I got to the window, I realized there was no mistake. . . . The cry, The Bridegroom is on his way, had reached me in the form of a soft murmur from a distance' (p. 253).

In the same spirit of serene surrender and loving confidence she meets her spiritual desolation. During the last eighteen months, she is beset with ceaseless temptations against the faith. 'All right, all right, go on longing for death,' says the tempter. 'But death will make nonsense of all your hopes; it will only mean a night darker than even the night of mere non-existence'. What is her reaction? She simply tells our Lord that for love of Him and of souls she is willing to remain in darkness provided it brings the light to unbelievers. Her confidence never wavers, her surrender to the divine love never falters, and the chapter on the Obscuration of Thérèse's faith ends with the words, 'The only thing I want badly now is to go on loving till I die of love' (p. 247). Such heroic confidence, such unwavering faith, such unquenchable love in the midst of such intense suffering, and such profound desolation, even though told with the very human simplicity of Mgr Knox's translation, might leave us feeling that here at least she parts company with us: all this is far beyond us ordinary folk. Just when we are feeling like this there comes what is perhaps the most remarkable and the most precious chapter of all, 'Towards The Heart of Charity'. In this, we see the supreme expression, the final fruit of this purification of Ste Thérèse's soul. Far from being a life of ecstasy exalted above the ways of ordinary folk, we see it to be a life of exquisite love for our Lord and for those amongst whom she lives, worked out in the ordinary circumstances and everyday routine of the life of Carmel.

It is a superb analysis of the virtue of charity as given by our Lord in the Gospels, translated by her with perfect evangelical simplicity into terms of her daily life with her sisters, told with the most shrewd directness and the most delicious humour. As we read, we find ourselves breathless, not because of any heights of mysticism, but because, in each instance that she describes, we see at once the parallel in our own everyday life.

She is teaching us to love Jesus Christ and to love those around us for His sake in a language and in circumstances common to us all, and encouraging us to follow her in our own degree along her Little Way.

The Autobiography, written in Ste Thérèse's own hand, is her last will and testament to the Church: the translation of this epic of Love in language understandable by all is Mgr Knox's last will and testament to us English Catholics. For this he has won the immeasurable gratitude of us all.

GALILEO RECONSIDERED

By MICHAEL HOSKIN

ONLY with the publication in 1543 of Copernicus's *De Revolutionibus* did the ancient speculation that it was the sun rather than the earth that was at rest at the centre of the world become the foundation of a technical system of astronomy. True, there were many serious objections to be brought against it: astronomical, physical, theological. But it had an elegance which the renaissance mind appreciated and which more than compensated for the violence it offered common sense. Slowly support for Copernicus grew, and with it the need for squarely facing the objections.

As far as theology was concerned the issues were clear and precise. The Scriptures in several places seem to say that the sun moves and the earth is at rest, and, in Calvin's words, 'Who will venture to place the authority of Copernicus above that of the Holy Spirit?'

Not for several decades did the Church take official action; her action, when it came, placed a barrier between her and the first flowerings of modern science. The story of those fateful years has been told many times, often by writers with axes to grind who have made Galileo into a victim of intellectual barbarism or, at the other extreme, a troublemaker with only himself to blame. But even the most scholarly accounts have left too many loose ends, and when, a few years ago, Professor de Santillana examined these accounts while editing a translation of Galileo's *Dialogue on the Great World Systems*, he came to the conclusion that 'a large area of the puzzle had remained oddly disassembled to the present day'. The outcome of his own investigations is an important book¹ in which he hopes to have proved that

the tragedy was the result of a plot of which the hierarchies turned out to be the victims no less than Galileo—an intrigue engineered by a group of obscure and disparate characters in strange collusion who planted false documents in the file, who later misinformed the Pope and then presented to him a misleading account of the trial for decision.

An Italian by birth, de Santillana has a keen sympathy for Galileo, and at first sight *The Crime of Galileo* seems an emotional and partisan work, though graced with a deep insight into things Catholic. It makes entertaining reading, too, so much so that the reader may

¹ *The Crime of Galileo*, by G. de Santillana, Heinmann, 1958, 30s. This work was first published in New York in 1955.

wonder whether in all the excitement he is allowing himself to be too easily convinced. But a closer study of the text shows that the author's enthusiastic independence of judgement is founded on a thorough mastery of the sources, and one feels that at last the main developments of Galileo's conflict with the Church can be told with confidence.

Copernicus had been a specialist. Galileo, however, was a man of many parts and wide interests, with little taste for the detailed study of planetary orbits that had led to *De Revolutionibus*. To him, that work was part of a wider issue. The old physics of Aristotle accepted the common-sense contrast between sky and earth, between the eternal wheeling of the quintessential heavens and the sluggish stability of *terra firma* with all its imperfections. By making a planet of the earth, Copernicus had rejected this contrast, and a new, quite different physics must be developed to support him. But first, to open the way for the acceptance of the new ideas, the old must be shown to be wanting. How might this best be done?

The answer came with dramatic suddenness when Galileo directed his newly discovered telescope towards the stars. Of the supposed perfection of the heavenly bodies he was soon able to write: 'The moon is not robed in a smooth and polished surface but is in fact rough and uneven, covered everywhere, just like the earth's surface, with huge prominences, deep valleys, and chasms.'¹ A little later he was discussing the spots that cross the face of the formerly 'most pure and most lucid' sun. Marvel followed marvel: the moons of Jupiter, the strange appearance of Saturn, the moon-like phases of Venus, and much more besides. By announcing these discoveries in the vernacular rather than in the customary Latin, Galileo emphasized that they had been made independently of the laborious scholarship of the schools. Nor was he slow to drive the lessons home. A master in controversy, he represented a grave threat to the established traditions of learning, and it was not long before a league was formed against him.

On his home ground, Galileo had proved himself a dangerous opponent. But there was hope that, in the event of a theological scandal, the Church might be forced to step in and silence him. His opponents therefore decided, quite simply, to create the necessary scandal.

Galileo now found himself with no alternative but to enter the theological field and himself show that the Copernican position was theologically defensible. To modern eyes, his *Letter to the Grand Duchess*, an elaboration of the earlier *Letter to Castelli*, presents a remarkably balanced approach to problems of the literal interpretation of scripture. But for all his compelling series of quotations from Augustine and

¹ 'The Starry Messenger'. Translated by S. Drake, *Discoveries and Opinions of Galileo*, Doubleday-Anchor, p. 28.

others of the Fathers, his position in the immediate post-Reformation period was delicate, and one that could easily be misrepresented. Soon a copy of the *Letter to Castelli* was on its way to Rome, sent by a Dominican 'actuated by nothing in this business but zeal for the sacred cause'. In the copy were two forgeries which, the Inquisitor noted, 'sound very bad'.

At last, towards the end of 1615, Galileo decided that he must go to Rome and put his own case in person. His friends were alarmed. The Florentine ambassador, his host, grumbled, 'This is no fit place to argue about the moon, or, especially in these times, to try and bring in new ideas.' But Galileo was confident of his own powers of persuasion. Besides, he wrote, 'There is a decision (pending) which affects all those who in the last eighty years have written about a certain doctrine (that of Copernicus), and I owe it to my conscience to provide what information I can, deriving from the sciences that I possess.'¹ He talked to everyone who would listen to him, although, as the Florentine ambassador wrote later:

The Lord Cardinal del Monte and myself, and also several cardinals from the Holy Office, had tried to persuade him to be quiet and not to go on irritating this issue. If he wanted to hold this Copernican opinion, he was told, let him hold it quietly and not spend so much effort in trying to have others share it.²

But meanwhile, behind the scenes, the enquiry of the Holy Office was proceeding under the direction of the saintly Jesuit, Cardinal Bellarmine. A scholar of integrity, he and Galileo were both great men, though of very different training, temperament and experience. It is not surprising that Bellarmine did not grasp what Galileo perceived none too clearly, the impending union of astronomy, physics and mathematics. But he did appreciate the dangers of private interpretation of the Scriptures in the post-Tridentine world, and he could not share Galileo's optimistic view of the place of certainty in natural science. As he wrote to the Carmelite Foscarini:

As you are aware, the Council of Trent forbids the interpretation of the Scriptures in a way contrary to the common opinion of the holy Fathers. . . . If there were a real proof that the sun is in the centre of the universe . . . then we should have to proceed with great circumspection in explaining passages of Scripture which appear to teach the contrary, and rather admit that we did not understand them, than declare an opinion to be false which is proved to be true. But, as for myself, I shall not believe there are such proofs until they are shown to me. Nor is a proof that, if the sun be supposed at the centre of the universe and the Earth in the

¹ Letter of 6 February 1616. De Santillana, op. cit., p. 112.

² On 4 March 1616. Ibid., p. 119.

third heaven, the celestial appearances are thereby saved, equivalent to a proof that the sun is actually at the centre and the Earth in the third heaven. The first kind of proof might, I believe, be found, but as for the second kind, I have the gravest doubts, and in the case of doubt we ought not to abandon the interpretation of the sacred text as given by the holy Fathers.¹

As long ago as 1611, Bellarmine had discussed Galileo's discoveries with astronomers of the Society of Jesus. Galileo had hoped for support from these men, but it seems that they had been instructed by their general not to weaken the Aristotelian position, and they did not intervene.

On 26 February 1616 Bellarmine informed Galileo of 'the declaration made by the Holy Father and published by the Sacred Congregation of the Index' that 'the doctrine, . . . that the Earth moves around the Sun and that the Sun is stationary in the centre of the world and does not move from east to west, is contrary to the Holy Scriptures and therefore cannot be defended or held'.²

Galileo accepted the ruling in silence. By this he unknowingly saved himself from a personal injunction to refrain 'even from discussing' the Copernican view; but the disappointed author of the minute in the Inquisition file decided that nothing would be lost by making it appear from the minute that the injunction had in fact been administered.

How strictly would the authorities enforce the new ruling which, Galileo knew, would, sooner or later, have to be abandoned? In the years which followed, the clouds gradually seemed to lift. Galileo's writings became steadily more daring, and then, best news of all, his old friend Maffeo Barberini, who had been a moderating influence in the proceedings of 1616, was elected Pope Urban VIII. Soon Galileo was being received in a succession of private audiences.

The results were disappointing. Although Urban encouraged Galileo to write, a gulf still separated the two men. It was probably Urban who proposed the argument that Galileo, in his fateful *Dialogue on the Great World Systems*, puts into the mouth of Simplicio: God knows how to bring about a natural effect in many ways, 'and some of them above the reach of our intellect. Upon which I forthwith conclude that, this being granted, it would be an extravagant boldness for anyone to go about to limit and confine the Divine power and wisdom to some one particular conjecture of his own'.³ It implied that natural science could never influence a theological conclusion, and that Galileo, as a scientist, need never meddle in theology. The ruling of 1616 still stood: Galileo might discuss the Copernican system, but no more.

¹ Letter of 12 April 1615. De Santillana (p. 100) does not indicate that he has condensed this passage.

² From the certificate given to Galileo by Bellarmine, 26 May 1616. Ibid., p. 132.

³ From the closing paragraphs of the *Dialogue*. Ibid., p. 182.

He seems at this stage to have decided to take a risk. A dialogue can create a clear impression without reaching explicit conclusions, and so by writing in dialogue form he might achieve his aim and still remain technically within the law. In embarking on this work, once again Galileo was misled by overconfidence in his own powers of persuasion.

The *Dialogue* was not completed until the end of 1629. During the following year the licensors to whom it was submitted found themselves in a cleft stick; they knew that Galileo had many enemies, especially among the Jesuits whom he had worsted in recent controversies, but yet it was hard to find grounds for rejecting the book. Eventually, after a year's delay, the chief licensor, 'dragged by the hair', surrendered the book for publication.

By 1632, when the work appeared, the strain of his pontificate had told on Urban. Outwitted by his political enemies, fearful of poison, he was a changed man. When he was told that he had been tricked by Galileo and his argument put into the mouth of a Simplicio, he turned against his former friend with an anger that lasted long after the latter's death ten years later. 'I have used him better than he used me,' he said with some justice, 'for he deceived me.' He appointed a Preliminary Commission which unearthed the forged injunction, and Galileo, then a sick man nearly seventy years old, was ordered to present himself in Rome.

In the proceedings that followed, the injunction was never given the prominence it deserved. It did, however, serve one useful purpose. Galileo, shaken at the turn of events, concentrated on denying that he had disobeyed any injunction; certainly he had discussed the Copernican doctrine—he had never been forbidden from doing so—but far from asserting its truth, he had 'shown the arguments of Copernicus are weak and not conclusive'. Here he had gone too far in protesting his innocence, as an examination of his work showed.

At length, a most partisan summary of the case was sent to the Pope and Congregation for decision. Each piece of evidence, right back to the forgeries in the *Letter to Castelli*, was presented in the most damning way. It was not surprising that the decision was stern: Galileo was to be rigorously examined as to his intention in writing the book; he was then to make public abjuration, after which he would be condemned to prison indefinitely; and his *Dialogue* was to be prohibited.

Who was to blame? Principally the zealots and careerists who did not scruple to alter the truth for their own ends, the regulars with over-much loyalty to their brethren, the petty officials. But, basically, the conflict was between a genius who saw an emergency in which there was no time for the usual slow maturing of theological thought, and churchmen, harassed by other matters, who acted as they thought best to stop the scandal he was causing. Such conflicts occur in every age.

BOOK REVIEWS

ENGLISH CHURCH PLATE

English Church Plate, 597-1830. By C. Oman. 326 pp., 200 plates.
(Oxford University Press. £6 6s.)

KEEPER of the Department of Metalwork at the Victoria and Albert Museum and author of *English Domestic Silver*, the writer of this book, the first to be devoted exclusively to English ecclesiastical plate, has brought to his task expert knowledge of the objects described and considerable historical research. He limits himself to articles of silver and gold, of English manufacture, originally made for the service of religion, whether or not they are at present in the British Isles. Excluded from his study are croziers, rings and pectoral crosses, which he regards as merely badges of office, besides all pieces originally made for secular use, even if they were later used in the service of the Church.

The first part is concerned with the Middle Ages (pp. 3-104 and 48 plates). Out of the surviving seventy-eight English mediaeval chalices only two are certainly earlier than 1200: the ninth-century Trewhiddle chalice from Cornwall, and that found in the grave of Hubert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1205. When it is remembered that even in Anglo-Saxon times England was famous for the quantity and quality of its metal-work and that the tradition persisted in centres like St Albans in later centuries, it will be realized that an enormous quantity has been lost; hence the study of contemporary written sources is indispensable if even an approximate estimate is to be made of the riches which formerly adorned our churches.¹ But early mediaeval inventories do not seem to have survived either, and it is only through lists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that we can learn in detail how much plate a particular church possessed. This varied from the single chalice to be found in small houses of friars or the scarcely richer treasure of a small nunnery to the

¹ A source not fully exploited by the author is hagiography. The dependable contemporary lives of St Dunstan, St Godric and St Hugh of Lincoln all contain details of considerable interest to his subject. It is also regrettable that on the subject of mediaeval monk-goldsmiths he follows too closely R. E. Swartout without referring to the excellent correctives of Professor David Knowles, *The Monastic Order in England*, pp. 534-8 and references.

immense quantity listed in inventories of the royal chapel at Windsor or in the cathedral church of Canterbury. Here, in 1315, the high altar alone had five gold chalices and five of silver, eleven pairs of cruets, five pairs of candlesticks, nine censers and four incense-boats, five pairs of basins for the ablutions, two gold altar crosses and four of silver for processions, and no fewer than seventeen covers for Gospel Books. There were besides twenty-seven chalices for the side-altars, and very many shrines and reliquaries for the numerous Canterbury saints. In quality the surviving plate varies considerably: often the forms and the smiths' work are excellent, while both the engraving and the inscriptions are disappointing. Worthy of special mention for their excellence are the Ramsey censer of silver—'the finest fourteenth-century example in Europe'—the Swinburne pyx of c. 1310, decorated with translucent enamel (both are at the Victoria and Albert Museum) and the gold chalice, gilt salt-cellar and ablution basins of Bishop Foxe of Winchester, bequeathed by him to his foundation of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and still there.

Part II of the book is entitled 'Church Plate and King' (pp. 105–26). Nearly all the kings of England from the Conquest to the Reformation certainly gave plate to English churches, but apparently none of them did so between 1660 and 1830. The greatest spoilers were also among their number. William the Conqueror deprived English abbeys of large quantities of plate, which enabled him to give even to the smallest monasteries in Normandy presents worthy, according to William of Poitiers, of a metropolitan basilica. Richard I also levied Church plate for his ransom as an alternative to cash payments. But the greatest spoiler of all was of course Henry VIII: 'whereas Norman and Plantagenet kings pruned the plate of the English churches, the Tudors went far towards eliminating it' (p. 112). Undoubtedly, the middlemen employed in the spoliation pocketed a considerable share, but the net gain to the royal treasury was enormous, and it was so successfully carried out that there is hardly any pre-Reformation monastic plate in existence.

In Part III, on Anglican plate (pp. 129–256 and 102 plates), is described another cause of the disappearance of mediaeval chalices. This was their compulsory conversion into Communion cups. The systematic campaign is traced from diocese to diocese, and the author rightly emphasizes that the change was 'a conscious deviation in the direction of the advanced Protestantism as practised in Switzerland' (p. 129). He insists that the practical need of providing the laity with Communion under both kinds is not alone a sufficient explanation, as many mediaeval chalices were large enough for this already and several Communion cups too small; the aim of the campaign was the elimination of the Mass, often still celebrated in the manor-houses early in Elizabeth's reign by the same priest who held the heretical service in the

village church. It was rightly thought that a priest would not use a Communion cup for the celebration of Mass.

Of quite special interest is the last part of the book on Catholic recusant plate (pp. 257-86 and 47 plates); here the author is a pioneer. He has not been able to list all the surviving examples, but he has made a most valuable start by describing the plate in the principal centres like Westminster, Oscott, Stonyhurst and Ampleforth besides that in such recusant strongholds as Wardour, Lulworth and Arundel: it is earnestly to be hoped that one day a complete descriptive list will be drawn up. It seems that in the reign of Elizabeth the recusants still mainly used mediaeval plate, but that determined individuals managed to get new pieces made by English goldsmiths, even when the persecution was acute.¹ The recusants were sturdily English in their tastes as well as their outlook; their chalices and patens were quite unaffected by foreign fashions at least until c. 1688. As the persecution eased production increased and hall-marking was added; from the makers' marks it is clear that the same goldsmiths produced both Catholic and Anglican plate. In the first half of the seventeenth century recusant chalices were almost always made in three parts which could be easily unscrewed for concealment.

After 1688 the number of Catholic manor-houses declined, but the new urban congregations needed chalices, often taking French or Flemish pewter examples as models. Artistically these are disappointing, but the eighteenth-century Catholic squires obtained plate from the Kanders or Benjamin Pyne quite worthy of their forbears. Chalices now combined continental proportions with English decoration, and the influence of contemporary cream-jugs and sugar-basins is evident in details of certain censers and cruets. From the surviving list of plate belonging to Bishop Witham, Vicar-Apostolic of the Midland district, the author concludes that 'a bishop *in partibus* at the beginning of the eighteenth century might have at his residence a better service of plate than any bishop of the Establishment, except the tenant of Auckland' (p. 263). Such a judgement is a tribute to the generosity of the Catholic body, then in its most reduced state.

While the foreign Catholic queens of England might have been expected to influence the production of plate, little from their chapels and none from that of James II, the author states, has survived.² At Lisbon there is an interesting processional cross, which contains a notable part of St Thomas of Canterbury's pastoral staff, remounted

¹ The author believes that the plate of Elizabeth Vaux's chapel at Harrowden, captured by pursuivants in 1605, was of English origin. It included *six* massive silver altar candlesticks and two smaller ones for the elevation, cruets, lamps, censer, sacring-bell and lavabo-bowl, all of silver, besides an elaborate gilt crucifix, adorned with pelican, eagle, phoenix and hen with chickens.

² Has he, one wonders, investigated the claims of two reliquaries at Downside and Stanbrook to come from the latter source?

by Queen Catharine of Braganza, with a 'unicorn's horn' as its stem. Other curious items of Portuguese inspiration are two combined chalices-and-monstrances, for which there had been a vogue there in the early seventeenth century: one of these was made by mistake in such a way that the only way to assemble the monstrance is to place the cup of the chalice upside-down on the altar.

The author is laudably concerned with the present state of ancient plate; some of his remarks are well worth citing:

Neither the Church of England, the Church of Wales nor the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church have any grounds for complacency. . . . All three bodies suffer from a considerable number of priests who have no knowledge or appreciation of the works of art of which they are the temporary custodians. From this failing much harm has resulted . . . by neglect followed by injudicious repairs. . . . It should not be inferred, however, that antique plate must be entirely withdrawn from use. What it is desired to emphasize is that it should be treated with proper care and respect (pp. 287-8).

In his anxiety to prevent old plate from finding its way to the sale room and consequent secularization he appeals for a campaign by the ecclesiastical authorities to round up unused pieces, and to investigate systematically the sacristies of all churches, whether of seculars or regulars, 'lest this generation should be guilty of allowing to perish through heedlessness an important part of the national heritage'.

Mr Oman's painstaking description of so many different articles used in divine worship makes his study important both for the history and the appreciation of somewhat neglected works of art. For many years it will be the standard book on the subject.

HUGH FARMER, O.S.B.

THE ENGLISH DOMINICANS, 1558-1658

A Hundred Homeless Years. By Godfrey Anstruther, O.P. (Blackfriars. 22s. 6d.)

Too many Catholic historical writers have been content to repeat the statements of their predecessors. This is all the more to be regretted since their predecessors have often been wrong. It is the less excusable with the increasing availability of primary sources. Moreover, there has been a tendency to concentrate on the martyrs, the v.c.s of the campaign, and to ignore its strategy, the divided counsels of its commanders and the recusant laity, the rank and file as it were, on whose endurance the issue largely depended. There has been a wholly regrettable bias to gloss over the failures. Dom Henry Birt, O.S.B., for example,

could publish in 1913 an obit book of the English Benedictine Congregation and omit all its apostates.

It is refreshing therefore to find that a Dominican has had both the inclination and the time to search for and discover hitherto unknown material and to omit nothing of what he found in the interests of 'edification'.

The subject matter of which *A Hundred Homeless Years* treats is the story of the English Dominicans in the period 1558-1658. We watch, at the deathbed of a nun in Belgium in 1585, the extinction of the first Dominican Province. We look in vain for any constructive planning to keep it alive. We are taken to Rome and see a trickle of four students of the English College cross the road to join the Italian Dominicans in the Minerva. Only one can be proved to have persevered to the priesthood, and none to have laboured on the English mission. Six years later, in 1591, the trickle is resumed, in the persons of John Sacheverell and Andrew Bailey, both of whom in due course carried the Dominican torch back to England and promptly apostatized. About 1594 there was a recruit from the Capuchins, and in 1595 a possible recruit from the secular clergy, but neither apparently worked in England as Dominicans.

It would almost seem as if the Minerva authorities were poor pickers—so poor in fact that in 1615 a Spanish Dominican on the staff of the Spanish Ambassador in London was put in charge of such English Dominicans as might follow in Sacheverell's and Bailey's footsteps on the return journey to their native land. In the seven years that this arrangement lasted only one did so, and he too apostatized. In 1622 Thomas Middleton reached England and took over the government of the subjectless kingdom from the Spaniard. Before the year was out he acquired one subject, in 1623 a second, in 1627 three more, in 1631 a sixth and a seventh and in 1637 an eighth. The only one of this group to apostatize was the last comer, Thomas Gage, who acted as a Government spy, married, and gave the evidence which led Thomas Holland, s.j., Peter Wright, s.j., and Arthur Bell, o.f.m., to their martyr deaths. With Middleton's death in 1655—he had held the superiority all these thirty-two years—the first halting stages in the creation of a second Dominican Province close three years before the second and successful stage opens under the aegis of the high birth, financial backing and ability of Philip Howard. But that story awaits a second volume from Fr Anstruther.

All this and much else is a gain to Catholic historical scholarship. I hope I will not be thought ungrateful if I draw attention to one historical judgement in the book which seems to me unwarranted. Here is the passage:

The visitation [of the English College by Cardinal Sega] took place in November 1595 and the Cardinal's report is dated 14

March 1596. . . . It is a very strange document and it is difficult to believe that it comes from the same pen as [Sega's] report [on the same college] of 1585. . . . The language is violent. Elizabeth is referred to as 'that foul Jezebel' . . . and the whole tone is offensive and partisan. It shows an acquaintance with the minutiae of English affairs that one would not expect in an Italian cardinal. It complains of all the anti-Jesuit plotters in Flanders, a subject only distantly related to the troubles in the college. In other words it has all the qualities of a tract by Fr Parsons in one of his more militant moods.

A translation of a transcript of the original text has been printed by H. Foley in his sixth volume of Jesuit Records, which is the version used by Fr Anstruther as he refers to it in his footnote. It is true that Sega's signature does not appear at the end of Foley's translation. Whether it occurs in the original I cannot say. But the opening sentence of the report runs, 'It is now eleven years since by commission from Sixtus V . . . I held a visitation in the English College . . . ' I cannot persuade myself that Fr Parsons could have written those words. It will be seen that Fr Anstruther has been led to his judgement by the strong language, by the knowledge displayed by a Cardinal and by the report's exposure of the anti-Jesuit activities of certain persons whom it names. Yet the language applied to Queen Elizabeth was current coin in Rome, as is shown by the Bull *Regnans* of 1570, which calls her 'that servant of infamy', and by the Admonition of 1588, which was written in Rome and signed by Cardinal Allen, and which calls her 'an incestuous bastard', an 'infamous, depraved, accursed, excommunicate heretic, the very shame of her sex . . . the chief spectacle of sin and abomination in our age'. The argument drawn from the report's acquaintance with English affairs is no better grounded, because it assumes that the Roman Whitehall was as ignorant as those have always affected to believe who disliked its pronouncements. Surely it was not impossible for Sega to have picked Allen's brains—he did not die till 1594—or to have corresponded with Parsons in Spain or to have consulted the files of the office which housed the reports of the nuncios in Paris and Brussels. It seems wholly gratuitous to assume that because a document says some unpleasant, but true, things about the enemies of the Jesuits it must have been written by a Jesuit. It is tantamount to saying that no one has ever been able to take an impartial standpoint.

Nor is Fr Anstruther's statement true that the anti-Jesuit activities were 'only distantly related to the troubles in the college'. They were in fact partly directed and financed by the English government, as the careers of Aldred, Gifford and Gratley make only too clear, and had as one of their objects the disruption of the seminaries which fed the English mission.

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This is the third selection from articles originally published in *The Month*, in which well-known writers and personalities of today choose the saints that appeal to them most, and explain why. The contributors this time are Walter Starkie, Anne Fremantle, Muriel Spark, Nicolette Gray, Gerard Murphy, Leslie Macfarlane, Alice Curtayne, H. O. Evennett, Sir Arnold Lunn, A. C. F. Beales, Hugh Ross Williamson and James Brodrick. 12s. 6d. net

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